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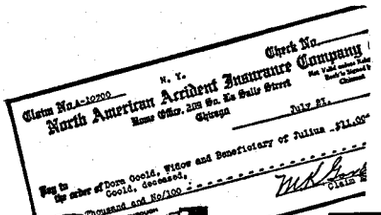
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Checklist of New Ideas

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ON POPULARITY

The people who are the most admired are the people who kill the most. If Gandhi killed 6,000,000 people he would instantly become an important person. All this talk of disarmament is nonsense, for if people disarm they will fight with their fists. *G. B. S., in India.*

ON "PROGRESS"

The collapse of the faith in "Progress" has affected the Western World more profoundly, I should say, even than the 19th Century collapse of faith in the literal truth of the Bible. *Aldous Huxley.*

ON THE STATE OF ENGLAND'S ORCHARDS

One of the things I most enjoy doing is pruning trees, though I don't know a great deal about it.

John Masefield,
Poet Laureate of England.

ON THE YOUNGER GENERATION OF SOCIALISTS

I'm terribly fed up with the romanticism of your generation. You give advice on every subject from how not to conduct a revolution to how to run a party, but you never get around to a meeting on time.

Norman Thomas.

ON THE AGE OF INTELLIGENCE

The elevation of old men to high places in politics and positions of authority in intellectual fields has been especially detrimental. There should be a maximal rather than a minimal age for political office and most university professors could be retired with profit to science at the age of fifty. *Dr. David Wecksler,*
N. Y. psychiatrist.

ON THE WORLD'S TROUBLES

The trouble is with the impatient man of the street. Will he stand for working under a system which he does not understand? Any peasant can understand the theory of nationalism; that is why it is so popular.

William Butler Yeats.

ON ONE OF THE LUXURIES

I have one regret. One. It's that I cannot always afford the luxury of telling the truth. I cannot afford the luxury of being honest.

Prince Michael Dimtry Romanoff,
nee Gerguson.

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PEOPLE WITHOUT MONEY

NOW

NATIONS WITHOUT MONEY

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●

COUNTRIES TODAY are exchanging electrical equipment for coffee, cotton for gun powder, etc., etc.

CARLOS DAVILA

former President of Chile, tells the story of international barter and how it operates—

IN THE **MARCH** ISSUE

OF

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THE NEW OUTLOOK TRAVEL SERVICE

EXPERT LAST-MINUTE ADVICE ON RAILROAD, WATER AND AIR ROUTES; ON TOURS, LONG AND SHORT; ON RESORTS, HOTELS, AND SPORT AND ARTISTIC EVENTS—THE WORLD OVER

This is going to be a wonderful year for traveling, at home and abroad. Heartened as we all are, at last, by the feeling that confidence in the future is returning and with the right sort of coordination of effort is going to make for prosperity, there is a renewed spirit in the air.

It is only natural that this spirit should find expression in a desire to seek recreation. For this means re-creation. After the stress, the change that is rest and refreshment—and, as a direct consequence, strength to carry on, whether one is in business or a profession or a homemaker.

Not forgetting the youngsters. Even the much-traveled like to start all over again when the children come along; they enjoy it just as much as they do taking their boys and girls to the circus. Plus something—travel is a recognized, and highly important part of every child's education in the present day and generation.

This year the great Century of Progress Exposition, which will open on the first day of June, will cause all roads to lead to Chicago for a matter of months. That alone is a tremendous incentive to travel. Many a one from the East will say to himself: "So long as I am going to Chicago, why not push on to the Pacific Coast and points between, or to Hawaii, Asia, or even the Antipodes? By the same token one journeying from the West to the amazingly great city on the shore of Lake Michigan will ask: "Why not New York and so on while I am about it, and how about that trip to Europe that I have been going to take?"

Where is your particular travel thought leading you just now? Whether it is north, south, east or west, *The New Outlook Travel Bureau* is ready to answer your question. Indicate your desire on the coupon below and send it to us, or make your request by letter or telephone—*PLaza 3-6969*—if you prefer, and you will have full information promptly. Land, sea or air—the travel literature at your beck and call covers the entire globe. The capitals, always wonderful continuous expositions in themselves; the points of superb scenic grandeur; the resorts; the cruises to the Seven Seas, to the Mediterranean, to Southern waters; the hotels, the sights—all this, if you wish it. *This service is gratis.*

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For What Are You Waiting?

New Philosophy of Investment and Trading Points Way to Capital Protection and Profits in Present Market

by A. W. WETSEL

PEOPLE who *are* making financial headway have adopted a new philosophy of investment and trading—a plan that clearly points the way to protection and growth. They have quit hoping to recover losses by following the same rule-of-thumb method that proved such costly, half-true guides.

They have discarded the theory that the best policy is to "buy and hold"—they know that they overlook valuable profit opportunities if they "wait for the turn," without having any means of recognizing "the turn."

But it is not to THE turn that sound investors and successful traders look for protection and profits. Knowing that "if you are right in the short swings you are bound to be right in the long pull" they look to *all* T U R N S.

Capital CAN Be Made to Grow—Today

By adopting a flexible, open-minded investment and trading policy it *is* possible to make money today. For, as in business, turnover is the first principle of sound investment. A ***series*** of small profits through capitalizing short swings—when they are available—involves far less risk than waiting for the profit that *may* come from a "long-pull' investment.

The question then arises, how is one to K N O W when to take advantage of such a turn? But the question really is incomplete. The problem actually requires for its solution a practical knowledge of W H E N to buy—and sell, W H I C H securities and at W H A T price.

In the hope of obtaining such vital knowledge, investors for years turned to statistics. Recent events, however, have proved that raw statistics are mere records and do not foretell market action. What set of figures can you choose that will forecast a turn in the market? Or, to what set of figures can you point that definitely foretold even one important market turn in the last three years?

The answer is that there are other factors that govern the market price of securities.

Price movements, it now is recognized, are governed by forces within the market itself. Only through the correct interpretation of the effect of these forces can price movements be foretold with any degree of accuracy.

This new philosophy of investment and trading points the way to security and capital appreciation in the present market. Through it capital *is* being made to grow—today.

THE WETSEL RECORD*

WETSEL TECHNICAL FACTORS, developed through years of intimate market study, foretold:

—the October, 1929, break in September—and again on October 7 of that year.

—the rising market that followed the break and at what prices to get out on that rally.

—the break of April, 1931, preceding which time Mr. Wetsel dictated his memorable telegram, "Market absolutely hopeless—sell all trading and investment holdings."

—the rising market of last summer. Two days before that rise began, Wetsel clients were advised to cover short positions. On July 9 advice was issued to buy on a broad scale.

—again, on November 3, when the market was dormant with pre-election inactivity, purchases on a broad scale were advised in order to take advantage of the post-election rise—which occurred.

A Sound Method of Getting Ahead Financially

A. W. Wetsel Advisory Service, Inc., accepting this philosophy as the only sound method of protecting and building capital, is engaged in correlating and interpretating the market forces that govern security prices and their turns. The above citations, taken from the Wetsel record, are given because the dates and what they signify are so well known. These major swings, however, also emphasize the necessity for forecasting the short swings, which in the aggregate are even more important.

Through adoption of a flexible investment and trading policy, and by correct interpretation of the short and intermediary swings, true conservatism is obtained, securities safeguarded and growth fostered. To you who have been losing valuable opportunities waiting for another prolonged bull market, this new philosophy supplies a plan for shortening the time when you may recoup your losses—enable you to formulate a retirement plan of your own, without an age limit—a means of getting ahead financially.

Look to 1933 With Confidence

As the New Year gets under way the market, in all probability, will pass into a new stage which will, we believe, lead to a period of selectivity wherein individual issues will reflect their individual technical positions. For the last three years the question of W H E N to buy and sell was of paramount importance. But in a period of selectivity a knowledge of W H I C H securities becomes equally necessary.

Such a market affords excellent opportunities for the informed investor to fortify his position and increase his capital. With knowledge of the laws that govern market movements and correct application of technical market factors, you can look to 1933 with confidence.

Send for This Free Folder

This new philosophy of investment and trading is outlined more fully in a remarkable article by a staff-member of this organization. Exposing the dangers of following popular investment fallacies and half-truths (developed in boom times), it deals fearlessly and specifically from the technical viewpoint with such puzzling questions as: which securities to deal in; when to buy and sell; the secret of forecasting trends; which *are* forecasting factors, and other vital problems affecting true conservatism and capital growth.

Send for this free folder—see for yourself H O W this new philosophy *protects* and *builds up* capital. Mail the coupon now.

A. W. Wetsel Advisory Service, Inc.

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NEW
OUTLOOK

ALFRED E. SMITH
Editor-in-Chief

FRANCIS WALTON
Managing Editor

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1933

The Farmer's Place in the Nation	Alfred E. Smith	9
Our Banks	Edward Angly	13
What Does France Want?	Dorothy Dunbar Bromley	17
Myths of the Machine	Harold F. Clark	21
Technocracy's Appeal	P. B. Stovin	24
What Jehol Means to Main Street	Martin Sommers	26
The New March on Washington	J. Frederick Essary	30
Actor's Day	Frank Gillmore	33
One-Legged Economy	Henry Kittredge Norton	36
Over the Hill to Demagoguery	David S. Barry	40
Experiment on Sixth Avenue	Cy Caldwell	43
Economic War Reports	E. H. Collins	46
To See or Not to See	Cy Caldwell	48
The Battle of the Sages	Ray Perkins	50
The Republic in the Air	C. B. Allen	51
Outlook Book Choice of the Month	Robert Cantwell	55
Talk of the Nation		56
Traveling with the News	Henry Albert Phillips	61
Check List of New Ideas		4

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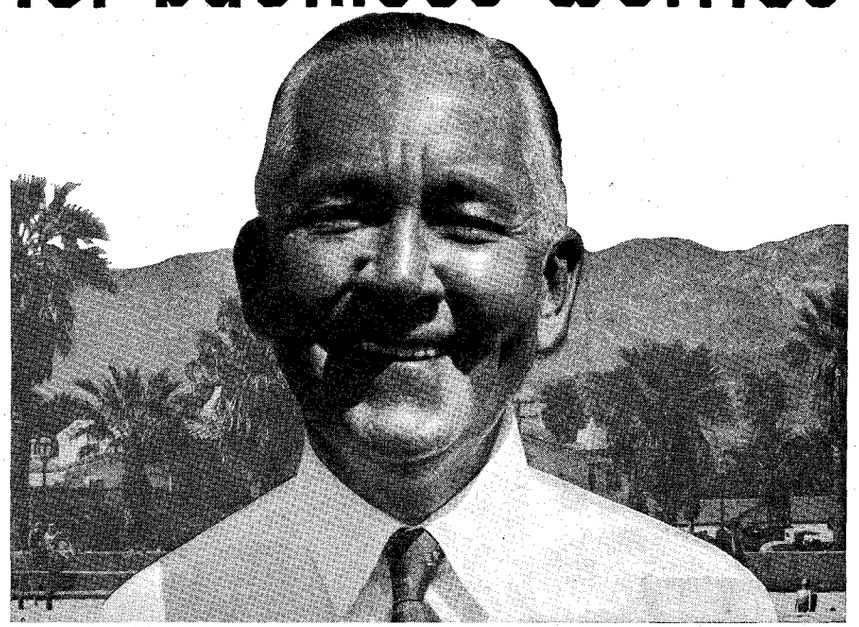
"Here's my cure for business worries"



"I'VE found something more important to do than mourn beside the body of Old Man Business. I decided to *have some fun* while I could . . . so I came to Southern California, where the sun is warm . . . where I can stretch out and bake on a Pacific beach, play golf every day, ride horseback under a desert moon, and hook a swordfish alongside a gay ocean island.

"I'm going to dine and dance with the movie stars in Hollywood, and watch the ponies pounding down the stretch. I'll forget cares in the quiet dusk of a Spanish Mission older than the United States, and in the pine forests beside a mile-high mountain lake. I'll get acquainted with that fabulous metropolis, Los Angeles . . . with Pasadena, Beverly Hills, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Pomona, Glendale and all the rest. I'm learning to laugh again...and I'll go home a new man!"

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If You Have a MARGIN ACCOUNT

If you are buying and selling stocks for profit, or contemplate doing so, or if you have a bank loan on collateral, you should read the new booklet, "15 Rules for Successfully Operating a Margin Account," by R. W. McNeel, Director of McNeel's Financial Service, and Author of "Beating the Stock Market" and "Sick in Bed with Common Stocks."

This booklet is a financial life-saver. It helps traders and investors to make money and conserve their profits. No one who had known and followed its precepts would have "gone broke" in the bear market. It will be an invaluable guide in the two-sided markets of 1933, when some stocks will rise but others will fall in value, and all will be subject to occasional and unexpected reactions.

It will enable you to take advantage promptly and safely, of the turning of the financial tides—now—for "there is a tide in the affairs of man which, taken at the flood (or ebb) leads on to fortune."

Every broker soliciting margin accounts should place copies in the hands of all present and prospective customers. (Individual copies will be sent to brokers upon request.)

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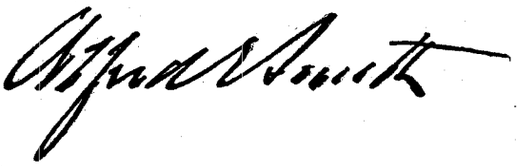
NEW
OUTLOOK

The Farmer's Place in the Nation



NOTHING COULD BETTER ILLUSTRATE the dire condition of the farmer than the extraordinary and fantastic plans which are being seriously considered for relieving his distress. Sensible people, not ordinarily inclined to radical proposals, are giving serious attention to, and even endorsing, plans which they would have labeled as sheer madness a year ago.

In my acceptance speech in 1928, I pointed out the signs of a great farm depression and emphasized the seriousness of this threat. It is an indisputable fact that the farmers were the first group in the country to feel the effects of bad times. The farm slump came a year before the industrial depression, and the industrial depression just about a year before the collapse of the stock market. While it cannot be proven that the farm slump caused the industrial and financial failures, it must have had considerable influence in bringing them about. This still leaves us with the problem of what caused the agricultural depression and what can be done to lift the farmer out of it.

There can be no doubt that if we can do something material for the farmer to restore his security, to relieve him of mortgage oppression and to give him a fair return for his produce, we shall restore his purchasing power and tremendously help all business throughout the country. It has been proven repeatedly that a slight increase in the farmer's income produces immediate orders to mail order houses and other business concerns for all sorts of goods.

In future issues of NEW OUTLOOK I shall discuss various plans of farm relief. In this issue I want to emphasize a fact which is so simple and commonplace that it is largely overlooked, but which is the greatest single factor in making the farm problem one of tremendous national significance. This is the fact that the farm problem is everybody's problem. It is not merely a problem of a class, or of a particular area. We must all eat to live. There was a time when almost every family produced some food, but that time is long past. Today a very large part of the community not only raises no food but does not understand the process. The average city dweller has a vague idea that the farmer scatters some seed on the ground, or turns animals loose in a pasture, that as a result milk, meat and vegetables appear in city markets, and that the only real problem is to find the money to buy them. Once the city dwellers, business men and all other non-farming groups realize how dependent they are upon the farmer, we shall have laid the groundwork for a fair consideration of farm relief.

The income of American farmers was about seven billion dollars in 1931. In 1932 it was five and a quarter billions. In the last three years farm income has fallen fifty-six percent and is the lowest since 1909. This means that a farming population of some thirty million people has a buying power today less than it had in 1909. Farm mortgage debts have increased enormously. Bankruptcies and foreclosures among farmers have reached the highest peak in the history of the country. Numerous bank failures in rural sections have further complicated the situation.

The first step toward the solution of the farm problem, and one of the most important steps toward general recovery, is a recognition by the industrial east that the farm problems of the agrarian West and South are not remote and unimportant, but as vital as conditions at home. The farm problem is not just the other fellow's business, but everybody's business—the basic industry of the country. This does not imply that the farmer can solve his problem at the expense of the clerk,

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mechanic or factory worker. Bad as his condition may be, the average farmer at least has a roof over his head and something to eat. When the city worker loses his job, he has nothing.

●

BALANCING THE BUDGET

STRIPPED OF ALL TECHNICALITIES the problem of balancing the Federal budget is a very simple one. I do not mean that the solution is easy to bring about, but that there is really only one solution.

About one billion dollars is required to balance the budget. The President has referred to sums in the neighborhood of half a billion, but he has not taken into consideration the inevitable falling off in revenues and the unquestionable fact that we shall not collect the next installment of foreign debts due this summer. Moreover, the Executive guess is over-optimistic in other respects. The only safe conclusion therefore is that we need about a billion dollars.

How are we to get this enormous sum? There are items in the current budget which cannot be reduced and others, such as national defense, which can only be reduced as the result of long, intensive study and the coöperation of other nations.

There are two places in Federal expenditures where cuts can be made; one in general expenses and the other in veterans' non-service benefits. The claim is made by prominent members of Congress that one hundred millions can be cut in general expenses. This is certainly a maximum. From three hundred million to four hundred million can be cut from veterans' non-service benefits without the slightest injustice.

As to additional revenues, the continuation of the gasoline tax will bring in about $137,000,000. The beer tax is now estimated to produce between $125,000,000 and $150,000,000. There remains a gap of about $225,000,000 to be provided by new taxes. Only two new taxes which hold out reasonable hope of producing this figure have been suggested. One is an addition to the income tax by doubling normal rates and lowering exemptions. This was proposed and reported adopted as the Democratic party plan at a meeting of Democratic leaders with the President-elect. The public reaction against it was so emphatic that it has been dropped for the time being. The only other alternative is the manufacturers' sales tax, which to my mind is the only sensible solution of the problem.

It will be seen that if the veterans' non-service benefits are not materially reduced, and if we do not impose a general manufacturers' sales tax or much heavier income taxes, the national budget will not be balanced. That is all there is to it. And even this assumes that one hundred millions will be cut out of current expenditures and that a beer tax will be imposed.

●

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION is a scheme or device to insure minority membership in legislative bodies. It has been used in a number of municipalities in this country, the largest being Cincinnati. It has also been adopted in choosing members of some legislative bodies abroad. Recently this plan has attracted wide publicity because it has been advocated in the selection of the governing body for New York City under various plans of city reorganization.

At almost precisely the time of the appearance of an editorial in this magazine urging the legislative committee investigating the affairs of New York City to produce constructive proposals, Judge Seabury, the committee's counsel, began hearings on charter revision and city reorganization. On Judge Seabury's request I submitted a plan of city reorganization, and other plans were also recommended.

In Judge Seabury's final report, which makes many useful suggestions, he indicates, however, that no worthwhile improvement in the structure and functioning of the city government can be brought about without proportional representation. A number of civic organizations and prominent citizens have apparently come to the same conclusion. All of them indicate that their object is to do away with party government by striking all party designations from the ballot, and by assuring a free field for every elective office, including those of Mayor and Comptroller as well as Councilmen.

Under Judge Seabury's plan, members of the Council are to be chosen on a borough-wide basis, every candidate receiving fifty thousand votes to be declared elected. Only a comparatively small number of signatures is required to nominate. The voter indicates his first, second and third choices, etc. Provision is made for rotation of names on the ballots. Candidates who receive fifty thousand first choice votes are declared elected. Then second choices and third choices are counted, and so on until the whole number of Councilmen is chosen. In the case of the Mayor and Comptroller, a comparatively small number of signatures will nominate anyone. In the case of these officers also, choices are indicated in order. If no one receives a majority of first choice, the second ones are counted, and so on.

The rules for counting ballots are exceedingly complicated. Take for example this quotation from the Cincinnati charter as to the method of counting second choices:

"The ballot marked by the central counting board with the figure corresponding to the integer nearest that fraction of which the numerator is the total vote of the candidate, and the denominator the surplus of said candidate, as, for example, 5 or 6, shall be first taken if transferable. Then each next higher multiple of said figure such as 10, 15, 20, etc., or 12, 18, 24, etc., until the entire surplus is taken. If the multiples do not produce sufficient transferable ballots, the ballots with the figures next succeeding the multiples shall be taken, as 6, 11, 16, etc., or 7, 13, 19, etc., as the case may be. This shall be done until the entire surplus is taken. Any ballot so selected that is not a 'transferable ballot' shall be left to the credit of the candidate whose surplus is being transferred."

I should not like to undertake to explain this provision to the rank and file of voters of any city especially in the face of the opposition of party leaders and of the rank and file who honestly believe in party government.

Voting machines could not be used if proportional

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representation were put into effect. Counting would be a long and complicated process, and results would not be known promptly. Moreover, the scheme is of doubtful constitutionality in this state. It has been declared unconstitutional in several states where the constitution requires that every voter shall have an opportunity to vote for every office. In cities with mixed population there would be innumerable candidates for every office running on all sorts of crazy platforms and impossible promises. The result probably would be to elect a number of Councilmen and perhaps even a Mayor not the choice of a majority of citizens, incapable of coöperation, and irresponsible in their conduct of public affairs. The method of voting itself might produce extraordinary and freakish results due to the element of luck entering into the re-allotment of surplus ballots. Confusion and the luck of the draw would take the place of the simplicity and accuracy of the present voting system, and the possibilities of fraud would be multiplied manyfold.

As applied to a city the size of New York, Chicago or Philadelphia, it is my mature opinion that proportional representation is an exceedingly complicated and unworkable gadget, which far from improving the government would probably be entirely unworkable in the selection of the City's elected officers, and if it worked at all would produce an irresponsible government.

It would do away with responsible party government, and would destroy all district representation which is, I believe, still essential in a community with strong neighborhood and racial feelings. Proportional representation, doubtless, is workable in smaller communities. Large communities like Cleveland have abandoned it. I do not consider that the Cincinnati experiment proves anything as to the desirability of this plan in other large cities. Proportional representation did not rid Cincinnati of bad government. The citizens did this by their votes, and if there had been no proportional representation the fusion, or reform, element would have captured every elective office in the city government instead of only part of these offices. Proportional representation in such cases simply gives some valuable consolation prizes to the losers in the contest.

Much can be done to improve the structure and functioning of the government of New York City. Certainly the present form of government is obsolete, but insistence by the reform elements on an enormously complicated voting gadget, and refusal on their part to accept anything which does not involve this device, is likely to make the whole subject of government reorganization a laughing stock. Changes in the structure of major government units are brought about slowly. There have been few amendments to the United States Constitution. Not one of them has radically changed the structure of government, and only two comparatively minor changes have been made in the Federal election machinery, one, a century ago involving the electoral college, and the other the direct election of United States Senators. New York State is still working under a constitution dated 1894. An attempt made at a complete revision in 1915 was overwhelmingly defeated, but practically all the important new proposals defeated in the constitution of 1915 were adopted piecemeal in the last fifteen years, each one being separately submitted to the electors. It took me ten years, eight of them as Governor, to bring about an acceptance of a reorganization of the state government. Other states have had similar experiences.

Each one of the most important needed changes in the structure of government of a city has its opponents, honest and selfish. When it is proposed to add to the difficulty of persuading these individuals and groups a revolutionary plan to do away with party government entirely, to abolish district representation, to force minority representation by law through an elaborate system of ballot marking and juggling, and to encourage every seeker of notoriety and crackpot to run for public office, the burden of producing a majority for a new charter becomes too great.

All of which leads me to the conclusion that often we could get more reform in government if we had fewer reformers.

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PROHIBITION

I LAY NO CLAIM to being a major prophet, but the predictions made in previous editorials as to prohibition have certainly been justified. There was no beer for Christmas, and instead of a repeal resolution the present Senate proposes a ridiculous and unworkable 20th Amendment modifying the 18th Amendment in the manner proposed by the Republican National Convention and President Hoover. This resolution, among other things, makes the Federal authorities in wet as well as dry states responsible for preventing the consumption of liquor on the premises where sold and tries to keep the United States Government permanently in the business of local enforcement. It would be infinitely better to leave the 18th Amendment as it is now than to have such a preposterous substitute foisted on the American people. The Senate proposal also contemplates adoption by state legislatures instead of conventions. As a matter of fact, this resolution would not have the slightest chance of adoption by either method, a fact which must be very well known to the authors.

It looks as though the entire subject of prohibition reform will go over to a special session. We have been waiting a long time to get this question settled, and it will not do any harm to wait a little longer to get it settled right.

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CALVIN COOLIDGE

I HAVE NO AMBITION to compete with the reporters and editorial writers who, in the Sunday papers of January 8, described so movingly the procession which carried Calvin Coolidge from the simple services in the Congregational Church at Northampton through the cold winter rain back to his birthplace at Plymouth.

The Green Mountain boy has gone home. I had a great liking and respect for him. Beneath a chilly, reserved and dignified exterior, he was keen, shrewd, kindly and entirely free from side, conceit, pompousness and political hokum. We are often told politics in a republic produces only demagogues. Calvin Coolidge was a most successful and popular politician, but he had nothing of the demagogue in him.

I have heard it said that his silence was a pose, but

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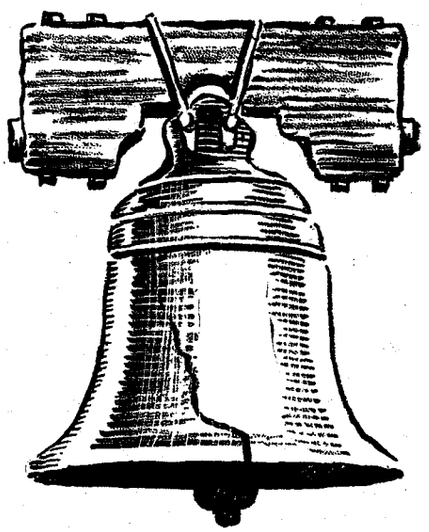
he seemed to me as much as any man I have ever known, to be himself and to act in character.

Some said he was lucky, but that, after all, is simply another way of repeating what the Bible tells us, and what Mr. Coolidge was modest enough to understand, that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but that time and chance cometh unto them all.

Mr. Coolidge belongs rather in the class of Presidents who were distinguished for character more than for heroic achievement. His great task was to restore the dignity and prestige of the Presidency when it had reached the lowest ebb in our history, and to afford, in a time of extravagance and waste, a shining public example of the simple and homely virtues which came down to him from his New England ancestors. These were no small achievements, and history will not forget them.

Calvin Coolidge was a salty, original character, an unmistakable home-grown, native, American product, and his was one of those typically American careers, which begin on the sidewalks, or on the farm, and prove to the youth of the nation that this is still the land of unbounded opportunity.



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Our Banks

By Edward Angly

More than 10,000 American banks have failed since the War. The social and economic causes of these failures are discussed by Edward Angly, New York newspaper man, in the first of a series of articles covering his survey of the U. S. banking situation.

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY ago all good little boys and girls in this solvent and reputable Republic were reared in the belief that a bank was like Caesar's wife. One should never talk badly about a bank, wise people used to say. A bank's reputation for soundness, they would remark, must be as delicately respected as the presumption of a woman's chastity. But today, when the morals of the market-place are patently loose, the average sucker in the street, likely as not, has begun to assume that the bank on the corner might be likened, not to Caesar's wife, but to Marc Antony's mistress.

The sound bankers who expect to continue in the banking business deplore that attitude, and rightly so. They complain that the public has been losing confidence in the banks, that at one time during the nerve panic of last spring the public drew out as much as $1,500,000,000 in deposits and invested savings and hoarded the cold cash because of fear and distrust of the banking structure. For that reason, and others, the bankers who mean to weather the current storm as they have weathered past crises have put their institutions into extraordinarily liquid condition, ever ready to meet a stampede of scared depositors. To maintain an extraordinary degree of liquidity they have had to make loans sparingly, and that has provoked squawks from borrowers who think they deserve more credit than they are given. Also it has cut down the profits of the banks.

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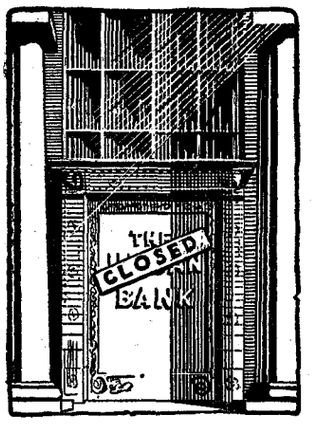
The reason the banks as a whole have lost much of the confidence which the public formerly reposed in them is simple enough. Trust and respect were turned to suspicion and cynicism—and, in some places, despair—by the disgraceful spectacle of some 10,400 banking institutions crashing in this country between the joyful January of 1921 and the distressful December of 1932. Of the 120,000,000 Americans who have blubbered at the national wailing wall during these post-war years over one misfortune or another, at least 10,000,000 were persons who either lost money or had some of their money kept temporarily out of their reach because of bank failures. Through all the ages that have cashed in their checks since civilization got too complex for barter, there has been no story in economic history more shameful than the plain statistics on American banking in the 20th century. Ironically enough, this is particularly true of the period which has passed since this country first began to preen itself upon being the greatest creditor nation the world ever knew.



Roughly speaking (and the time has come to cease speaking tenderly on the banking situation), there were 10,000 banks, state, national and private, in the United States in 1900. Ah! those dear, dead days beyond recall when only a few of us knew anything about automobiles, common stocks, seven per cent. first mortgages and the uses and abuses of credit. By 1920 the number of institutions which went by the name of banks had grown to 30,000. Since then one-third of those institutions have gone to the wall and Alexander Hamilton has turned over in his grave 10,000 times.

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The outright losses and the cold cash refrigerated into frozen assets through these ten thousand financial flops have aggregated $5,000,000,000. That is a rather impressive amount of wealth, even in a land where the public has been taught by an A. E. F., a G. O. P. and an R. F. C. to look upon a billion as small beer, so long, at least, as it seems to be in somebody else's mug. Of the dollars that jelled in the five frozen billions the thawing processes of receiverships eventually enabled about eighty per cent to trickle back into the palms and pocketbooks of those innocent bystanders who are called depositors. Some of these folk had to wait quite a while to get back their money. Many are still waiting, some hopefully, others otherwise. Meanwhile they are hard put to it to pay the grocer, the landlord, the doctor, the man who holds the mortgage and the chap who comes around to collect the monthly installment on the motorcar, which is the *sine quâ non* of happiness in these technocratic times.

Dotting the Republic today are scores of communities which are economically prostrate because their banks have collapsed. There are those who like to point out that such communities are, for the most part, rather small ones, so tiny that many of them never should have had banks to play with in the first place. Not many really big banks have flopped, they say. It is as though one should insist that a typhoid epidemic hadn't been so terrible, after all, because only a few of the people who died were of any great importance.

"Break down the statistics on those 10,000 bank failures," one is told, "and you will see that fifty per cent of them occurred in villages of less than 1,000 population. Nearly ninety per cent. of them were in towns of under 10,000 population. Nearly two-thirds of the banks that blew up had capital stock of $25,000 or less, which is too small to permit the management to spread its risks properly or safely. In large part these little banks were uneconomic units. It is unfortunate, of course, one might even say distressing, that so many

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trusting depositors suffered inconvenience and even loss of money. Besides, the liquidation of suspended banks has made a bad bond market worse. But, in the larger view, the passing of these small banks was a salutary elimination of undesirable elements which had caused weakness in the banking structure. The banking structure is stronger because of their departure from it."

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All of which is largely true. But the really salutary thing about it is not that weak "elements" in a "structure" were eliminated. The salutary thing is that several times ten thousand stupid, or crooked, or ignorant, or incompetent, or pretentiously greedy fellows who were in the banking business are now out of it. Cancers killed most of those 10,000 banks. In a vast majority of cases the malignancy was bred within the organism itself—inside the four walls of the bank. In most cases the illness was not blamable upon contagious germs blown by an economic wind—germs with such nice long names as "the economic forces of the depression," or "socio-economic changes in American life," or "panicky depositor psychology." Such germs from the outside did attack and lay low hundreds of banks, but in perhaps nine cases out of ten, as most competent, knowing bankers will concede over a whisky-and-soda, an American bank fails because of mismanagement or dishonesty, or both. And that is as true in a town of one size as it is in a town of another. I use the term "American bank," because bank failures have come to be almost an exclusively American phenomena, like prohibition and petticoat rule. Other peoples have depressions, crises, wars, famines, low commodity prices, commercial crooks and insolvencies, but they rarely suffer a bank failure.

Why not? Quite aside from differences in laws (and no statute ever made a banker out of a man), quite aside from differences in banking systems and traditions, (and no system ever made a banker out of a man), there are at least two profound, if imponderable, distinctions between Americans and other peoples that have a bearing on that question.

The small town American, so soon as he has accumulated a few thousand dollars and a bit of local prestige as a hardware merchant, lawyer, white collar farmer, druggist, ice dealer or whatnot, itches to become a bank director. If he looks upon himself as the biggest frog in his little pond, then he wants to be president of a bank. If there is a rival big frog in the pond who already has a bank, that merely increases the itching. For one thing, these ambitious fellows hanker after a place where they won't have to argue and beg so much in order to wangle a loan wherewith to extend their operations, to facilitate their climbing up the ladder of Success. What is more, it boosts a man up the social ladder to become a banker. That's where the second distinction I have in mind—the attitude of the lady frog—comes in. How the good women do like to be known as "the banker's wife!" Mrs. Jones, writing to the big city department store to open a credit account, or to request a few dresses on approval from which she may make a choice, may have her qualms about getting what she wants if she uses the letter-head of "John J. Jones, Plumbing Supplies." But she knows the favors will be extended if she uses stationery which identifies hubby as a vice president, or, better still, *the* president, of the Main Street Bank.

It requires only a little capital, and no knowledge whatever of banking, for Mr. Jones and some of the other middle-sized frogs in his pond to establish a bank and become, in their own estimation, big frogs. Forty-eight states are engaged in what the Acting Comptroller of the Currency has called a "competition in laxity" so far as their banking laws are concerned. In some states Mr. Jones and his colleagues can start a bank on $10,000, mostly in promisory notes. None of them may know anything about banking, but Old Man Brown's boy Clarence, down at the produce house, has a reputation for being keen at "keeping books." Besides, he knows most of the farmers in the county. So Clarence is appointed cashier of the bank, bronze and marble fixtures are bought, and the doors are opened. The president, having his own business to attend to, lets Clarence run the everyday affairs of the bank. Often as not, the directors become the biggest borrowers. There are laws to limit the amount of a director's borrowing to a percentage of the capital stock and surplus, but so are there laws against the sale of intoxicants. In some such manner hundreds of little banks have sprouted up in the United States, most of them predestined to wither away.

The merest glance at the vital statistics on banks will shatter any illusion that the financial graveyard is filled almost exclusively with victims of the general depression. The mortality rate rose rapidly, it is true, after the New Era exploded. There were 1,345 bank failures in 1930, 2,298 in 1931 and slightly more than 1,200 in 1932. But even from 1921 through 1929 the average number of foldings exceeded 600 per year. In the past few months 3,600 other banks have felt obliged to bolster themselves with doses distributed by that big-hearted general practitioner to ailing finance, commerce and industry—Dr. R. F. Corporation, of Washington, D. C. And some of those patients have since curled up and died. Dozens of other banks that were wobbling a bit were steadied by absorption into sounder institutions.

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No section of the country has escaped the blight of bad banking, but it is in the predominantly agricultural districts of the South and Middlewest that the failures have been the most numerous—if not the heaviest. First prize goes to Iowa, with 887 failures from 1920 to June 30, 1932. In that period the state where the tall corn grows had more bank failures than all of the Eastern and Middle-Atlantic States combined. Illinois was the setting for 648 failures followed by Missouri with 572; North Dakota, 560; Minnesota, 559; South Dakota, 527; Nebraska, 515; and Texas, 441. Little Vermont, where New England thrift and hard-headedness and French Canadian thrift and hard-headedness endured through all the whoop-la of the Great Prosperity, had only two bank failures. Travelers in Vermont may have

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observed that there also endured in those parts a flock of old-fashioned ideas that go to make up an old-fashioned thing called character, which is something upon which high pressure salesmanship, the booster spirit, go-getterism and the Big Shot complex are likely to have deteriorative influence. The Granite State boasts neither large cities, nor immense industrial enterprises. Its banking record may consequently be taken as an answer to those reformers who suggest that the most feasible way to strengthen the banking structure is to do away with unit banking in small towns and permit big city banks to provide the lesser communities with branches. Banks are made sound not by size, but by sound men and sound practices.

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The promoter spirit, and what used to be known as prosperity, did more than ever the depression has done to put banks on the greased chute. In some places commercial banks, like drug stores, took on so many side lines that the institution's primary *raison d'être* was relegated to the back of the shop. Savings departments, thrift departments, investment departments, trust departments, special departments for the ladies, and even kiddie korners were among the side shows that sometimes took the best minds in the bank off of the main performance.

Ill-winds began to blow strongly across the banking set-up in the mid-West just after the war. Wheat had been pegged by the government at $2 a bushel—to "help win the war." Farmers behaved as though wheat could never be lower than that again. They wanted more land, and automobiles, and credit with which to buy the soil and the motors. They were all going to get rich and hasten the day when they could retire to California. Land prices shot up to a point that could have been justified only by some sort of a new economic law which would guarantee that wheat would never again drop below $2 a bushel. On that false valuation many a banker extended credit to planters, and to merchants and others whose profits were dependent on the prosperity of the farmers. When wheat dropped, the farmer flopped and the foolish banker took a dive into a pond of frozen assets.

Much the same sort of thing happened in the South when cotton soared to twenty, thirty, and forty cents. It had been a nickel a pound before and it was destined to descend again to that starvation level. But farmers were wont to behave as though cotton would remain at forty cents forever. Quite a few country bankers acted in like manner. In towns where there were oil booms, in towns where there were real estate booms, in places where farm land booms grew out of new irrigation or other projects, the same sort of thing happened. Florida's idiotic "playground and earthly paradise" promotions of 1924-25 were followed by scores of bank crashes when the balloon drifted back to earth, as balloons have a way of doing. The country over, almost every boom has been followed by a wave of bank failures. In states where "guaranty funds" were established, sound banks were continually obliged to surrender hard-earned profits to the kitty that protected the customers of unsound banks, which had collapsed because their officers didn't have the courage to say "no" when everybody in town was yelling "yes."

A bystander has no right to ask that a banker's judgment of values be absolutely true, for material values are forever inconstant. But every depositor has a right to expect that his banker will have what has been called the courage of conservatism—even if it requires him to knock now and then when the whole wide world appears to be boosting. Many of those who didn't have such courage in the giddy days of the Coolidge era no longer have any banks in which to make believe that they are bankers.

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It is not without its significance, nor its lesson yet unlearned, that bank suspensions became a chronic American disease at about the same time that most of the populace adopted the entrancing idea that every-man should, and could, own an automobile. The illness inevitably grew worse when, a little later, the country swallowed the stimulating but dangerous theory that the way to feel and look prosperous is to live beyond your means. Prior to that period, that is to say, prior to the era of easy money, easy credit and high prices which the war created, the loans made by most small-town banks in the corn, cotton or wheat belts went, in great part, to farmers, merchants and entrepreneurs.

Let us first consider the farmer, who is supposed to reap what he sows and pay the banker what he owes.

Before the war, in some sections, it was customary for the farmers to go to the banks a few weeks before planting time to make their credit arrangements for the year. Ordinarily, the farmer signed a note and gave the bank a mortgage on his crop, live stock and implements. More often than not, one or more of his friends or neighbors endorsed the note thus made and secured. Mr. Farmer took a part of the money with him, deposited the balance subject to his check, and drove his team home, clucking happily at the horses or mules. This plan seemed to work rather well in the days when farmers were content to use Dobbin and Maud for their travels to town and back. In those simple days the American farmer generally raised, alongside of his pay crop, plenty of food for his family and feed for his beasts.

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Other days, other customs. Two dollar wheat, forty cent cotton and cheap automobiles altered many an age-old tradition and custom, including the idea that a farmer should strive to be as nearly self-sufficient as possible. Sometimes, when this simple idea went out of his life, solvency went with it. To be "prosperous" he had to ride around in a mortgaged car just as the townfolks were doing. The car required monthly payments. Also it drew heavily on the farmer's time. This left him less leisure for raising a crop. No longer did he find it sufficient to his contentment to go to the county seat once a week, on Saturday, to buy and sell. He had

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now to breeze into town on Wednesday, too, to see the latest cinematographic chapter in Bill Hart's wild and wooly experiences with those Western bad men. And the wife had to go to town on Tuesday, which used to be churning day, to buy vegetables or groceries—or maybe butter. Then, somehow, seeding time would scarcely be over before Mr. Farmer found out that he would have to have more money "to make his crop," a euphemism which had come to connote installments on the smoke wagon and payments on a lot of new contraptions and gadgets which were raising a fellow's "standard of living."

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If the banker was hesitant to make further advances, the yeoman from the forks of the creek went into a song and dance of which the chorus ran something like this: "Well, if you don't loan me no more, there won't be much of any crop, and I'll be blowed up, and so will you!" It was at about this time—the début of the twenties—that the small town doctor began to regard most country calls as "charity." Small town merchants complained with increasing frequency that farmers were getting "slower" in settling their bills. The man at the filling station, of course, was doing a cash business only.

Gradually, as the country approached the end of pedestrianism and the arrival of the era of a car-for-each-family and credit-for-everybody-on-everything, the farmer had commitments not only to his banker but to plenty of other creditors. These other creditors, wisely looking out for their own skins, began going to the court houses to check up on the filing of mortgages. A curious creditor would observe that Banker Smith had filed a mortgage on the crop and live stock of Farmer Brown. That meant Farmer Brown had got a loan from Banker Smith. The chances were that Brown had left a part of the money on deposit in the bank. So the inquisitive creditor walked a few steps into another office at the courthouse and proceeded to get a garnishment against Farmer Brown's bank balance. Frequently the bank had to give it up. Some of the more incompetent bankers, over-optimistic not only as to land values but also as to the personal values of their borrowers, continued to take garnishments on the chin until, as the farmer had predicted, they both "blowed up." The wise bankers called a halt. These wise ones are still in business today, though they are suffering not a little for the sins and follies of their "blowed up" competitors of yesteryear.

Down in a section of East Texas which went through the twenties without a boom—and without a single bank failure—a banker whom I know rather well adopted a plan which has helped to keep the farmer on the farm and at the same time has eliminated losses through garnishments. This plan is now being adopted in other parts of the country. It works in this manner. When Mr. Farmer comes in with his annual tale of last year's woes and this year's hopes, the loan advanced to him, if any, is not put down to his account as a deposit. He is simply given a credit ticket which reads:

CREDIT
WILLIAM DOE $200

"This ticket does not represent cash deposited, but is the amount this bank has agreed to advance to the party named above for the purpose of making a crop this year. The amount called for is not subject to check, and is to be paid only to him in person at the rate of not exceeding *$50* per month, beginning, *April 10*, and then only if he is making a crop to the satisfaction of the Bank.

"Should he fail to work his crop to the satisfaction of the Bank, or should any misrepresentations have been made to the Bank in order to obtain this advance, the amount represented by this ticket is to be credited to any indebtedness he may at that time owe this Bank."

This system, in the words of the banker who installed it, has "worked like a charm."

"After we reach an agreement at the time the money is loaned, and the mortgage taken," he said, "we do not have any trouble about having to advance these people more money 'to make a crop.' Nor are we worried with garnishments. Since the plan was put in operation, the farmer has had to borrow less from year to year. Today many of our farmers do not borrow at all. They have been obliged to raise much more feed stuff and are growing more food for themselves. They are nearer self-sustaining now than they have been in twenty-five years. They grow less cotton than formerly, but more feed, vegetables, fruits, cattle, hogs and poultry.

"Had we continued through the 1920's to pursue the easier credit policies toward farmers which we used prior to that time, our community—farmers, merchants and bankers all alike—would probably be prostrate today."

That little high-light may clarify some of the 10,000 shadows that have darkened the American banking structure.

The second article in Mr. Angly's series on what's wrong with American banks? in which he will discuss the banking situation in urban areas will appear in the March issue of NEW OUTLOOK.

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What Does France Want?

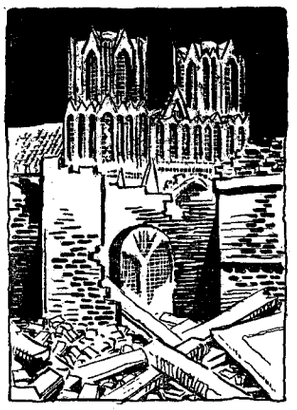
By Dorothy Dunbar Bromley

The French default on war debts has created a radically changed feeling between the people of France and the United States. Mrs. Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, magazine writer, explains the forces and factors which account for the present French viewpoint.

NEWSPAPERS IN THE UNITED STATES print more foreign news than does the press of any other country in the world. Still there are serious lacunae in our understanding of other nations. The reaction of the American people to France's recent default on her December debt payment is a case in point. This seemingly moral lapse on the part of our former ally confirmed the general run of Americans in the opinion they already held. "France," they say, "is determined to keep her place in the sun and let the rest of the world go hang."

If we are going to judge France it is important to get the facts straight. At this distance she appears to be single-minded in her pursuit of an ambitious nationalistic policy. But after a year in France I am convinced that she is not so ambitious as she is neurotic. She is the unhappy victim of a persecution complex. "Germany," intelligent French people will tell you, "has always coveted all that we have. Remember that she has invaded us four times in the last 100 years." It is an absurd statement, of course. If Germany, in company with the other Allies, invaded France in 1814 and a second time in 1815, it was no one's fault but Napoleon's. Again, in 1872, it was Napoleon III whose *manie de grandeur* plunged France into a disastrous war. Only in 1914 were the Germans the immediate aggressors. Such reasoning on the part of the French is most illogical, and yet it has deep emotional roots. The iron heel of Prussia came down hard on France in 1872, and from then until 1914 the first thought in the mind of every Frenchman was "la revanche" and the recovery of the lost provinces.

The World War intensified this hatred of the Germans. The French emerged victorious, but they had paid a heartbreaking price. One has only to go to Rheims and see the choir of that magnificent cathedral in ruins, more than a little of the priceless sculpture demolished, and the beautiful facade scarred beyond repair, to understand the French resentment against Germany. During the last fourteen years the French hatred of the Germans as a race has lost a little of its intensity. German art, music, literature, and drama find an audience in Paris. Yet I talked to very few French people who were open-minded about the Germans. A few intellectuals here and there, and members of the Socialist Party with whom I came in contact, distinguished clearly between the forces of liberalism and the forces of reaction in Germany. But most of the French people whom I met were convinced that the Germans, as a race, have a lust for domination.



The dispute over reparations and debts has served to aggravate France's persecution complex. At Versailles Germany was saddled with huge reparations, which the French people came to consider their just due. When these reparations were reduced, first, under the Dawes plan and then under the Young Plan, the French considered that they had made a great sacrifice. It is quite possible that the total reparations which Germany has to date paid France have already reimbursed her for the rehabilitation of her devastated territory. But the French people have never had that proved to them. A great deal would have been accomplished if an international commission had been appointed to determine this moot point, in accordance with the suggestion repeatedly made by Leon Blum, the enlightened leader of the French Socialist Party.

The Moratorium—which France accepted against her will, we must not forget—was a turning point. Frenchmen who had up to that time looked upon their country's debt to the United States as a debt of honor, now considered that debts and reparations had been irretrievably linked together by President Hoover's own action. That was very clearly pointed out to me by Leon Blum when I talked to him last spring.

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The idea that she should be deprived of German reparations, without at the same time being relieved of her war debt, seems to France nothing short of monstrous. If we were faced with a recalcitrant France in December it was because she felt we had not played the game fairly. When the Moratorium expired last July the American press strongly intimated that if France and the other allies would wipe the slate clean of reparations, the United States would listen to reason on the subject of war debts. The French therefore made a great concession at Lausanne and agreed to relieve Germany of 35 out of 37 of her reparations payments. At the same time they and the other creditor powers entered into what seemed to them a logical and defensible "gentleman's agreement" to the effect that the arrangement would not stand unless the United States remitted, or radically revised, the war debts. It is not a matter of official record that our delegates were *au courant* with the agreement; but the fact that they were on the ground at the time in Geneva quite naturally led the French to believe that this country had given its tacit approval.

So when the French, in company with the British and other Allies, begged for a deferment of the December

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payment, on the heels of our Presidential election, they thought that they were only asking for a reward of merit which they had already earned. This country's refusal to defer payment—or to accept the English payment as contingent upon ultimate revision—came as a great shock. French tempers reached the breaking-point, and the Chamber voted for default, overthrowing the Herriot government.

When a man has a persecution complex he can never see the mote in his own eye. And so the French deputies overlooked the fact that they had not only broken faith with an ally who had come to their aid during the War, but that they had, as Premier Herriot tried to point out to them, violated the sanctity of international contracts. Even the Socialists, who had supported the Moratorium and who have since the war consistently stood for a policy of international coöperation, voted with the die-hards for default. Their action leads me to believe that there was perhaps a little justice—if no judgment—on the French side.

This dispute over the small sum of $19,000,000 comes at the very moment when our two countries were beginning to work together harmoniously. Thanks to the excellent offices of Norman Davis, leading American delegate to the Disarmament Conference and statesman-at-large in Europe, France had been brought back recently into the family circle. Instead of treating France like an unruly child who had to be whipped into obedience Mr. Davis sat down with her delegates to discuss her problems sympathetically. The results have been evident. When Herriot came into power last June he was still talking about "a fist at the heart of France," meaning Germany. Since then he has been made to see the fallacy of France's persecution complex. By demanding the last sou of reparations due her, and by arming herself to the hilt while she denied the same privilege to Germany, France was inviting her traditional enemy to forswear the Versailles Treaty, break away from the Disarmament Conference, and become a dangerous outlaw in the society of nations.

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Witness the change in French policy. At Lausanne in July the French agreed to expunge all but a small part of the reparations. Later in the fall they announced their Constructive Disarmament Plan, which, with all its faults, is the first impressive proposal for disarmament that France has made. Finally, they conceded to Germany the principle of "equality in armaments, within a framework of security for all nations." By yielding this latter point France has virtually assented to a revision of the Treaty of Versailles which she had hitherto regarded as sacrosanct as the Bible.

The internal political situation in France has had its bearing on her more enlightened foreign policy. In the elections of last May the Radicals and the Socialists, who had combined on a cartel ticket in the second round, were returned to the Chamber in a large majority. Both parties had preached a doctrine of economic rapprochement with Germany and of disarmament, although the Socialists had gone much farther in their demands. (The Radicals, despite their name, are little more than liberal in their political philosophy.) After the victory, the Socialists declined to form a government with Herriot since he and his party would not subscribe to certain sweeping departures in government ownership. Nevertheless, the Socialist block in the Chamber is at present in a key position. Since the Radicals are dependent upon the Socialists' support they are obliged to remain in their good graces by pursuing not too intransigent a foreign policy. This situation will continue until the elections of 1934, unless the Radicals should go back on all of their principles and make common cause with the reactionaries of the Center.

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Paul Boncour, who is Premier as this article goes to press, and who is also the leader of the French delegation to the Disarmament Conference, is said to have gone through a change of mind similar to that of Herriot. He was the author of the Constructive Disarmament Plan, which while it holds to the idea of security pacts and an international army, does provide for the abolition of universal military service and the consequent decimation of the French army. He was inspired by a group of younger colonial officers, who are opposed to the ultra-nationalistic policies of General Weygandt, Chief of Staff of the French Army. The plan, incidentally, barely escaped emasculation at the hands of Weygandt and his Council of National Defense. An interpellation in the Chamber by the Socialists saved it from that fate. This relegation of the powerful Army machine to its proper place outside the sphere of government, and the revolt against the reactionary General Staff, are promising signs.

French opinion has gone through an interesting transmutation during the past six months. Even after the swing toward the Left in the elections many people talked resignedly of another War. Their fears were made more lively by the dissolution of the German Reichstag and the forming of the von Papen government. Suddenly this fall, public opinion veered. Whether it was influenced by Premier Herriot's own change of heart, or whether the French people themselves saw the danger of a renewed race for armaments, is hard to say. But it is a fact that when Leon Blum made one of the most eloquent speeches of his career urging extensive disarmament in the latter part of October, he was applauded by every member on the Left Side of the Chamber. Such a thing had never happened before.

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There are rays of hope in the French situation. Yet I see no prospect of the French people's being definitely cured of their persecution complex so long as their press is under the thumb of industrialists who have an economic interest in armament and war.

The pressure that is in this thumb comes from the *Comité des Forges,* a powerful combine organized for the production and marketing of French iron and steel, and extending its influence into politics, banking, and journalism. The men of this group are mostly French

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aristocrats who have known how to make the industrial age serve them. Their financial and social position is almost impregnable, and their power is only less than that of the "barons" of Germany. One of the leading members of the *Comité des Forges* is Eugène Schneider, head of Creusot, the great armament factory which supplies most of the armies of Central Europe as well as the French army. Its president is François deWendel, head of the house of deWendel (the largest iron and steel manufacturers in France), Regent of the *Banque de France,* prominent newspaper publisher, for many years a deputy and recently elected a senator. His brothers hold positions of similar importance, and the family as a whole loom much larger than do the Rothschilds in France.

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The story of the deWendels'—and of the *Comité des Forges'*—operations during the War makes bitter reading,—such bitter reading that the magazine *Le Crapouillot* was suppressed by the police in 1931 when it revived the scandal. It happened that the deWendel mines and forges, located in Lorraine, were occupied from 1914 to 1918 by the Germans. *Yet they were never once bombarded by French guns,* despite the fact that the Germans were mining most of the iron for their armies from this rich basin. The French General Staff were alert enough on other fronts? Why not here? Did the deWendels bring pressure to bear on the government, and is it possible that they and the *Comité des Forges* had an interest in seeing the war continue? The facts point that way. For as late as July, 1914, long after Austria's ultimatum to Serbia had made war inevitable, 6,000 tons of ferrosilicum, an iron and chemical mixture which is added to molten metal, were shipped from France to the Krupp factories in Germany. And from 1914 to the end of the War French aluminum found its way to German airplane factories via a Swiss firm, one of whose directors was a man close to the *Comité des Forges.*

The War made the wealthy deWendels many times wealthier. They not only got their property back intact, but they were able to buy from the French government at a very low figure a number of the Stinnes factories in German Lorraine which were part of France's booty of war. The difference between the German evaluation of these factories and the price which the French government was paid for them, accounts in part for the German-French reparations dispute. It is rumored that at Versailles the deWendels had André Tardieu working for them, and that through his clever offices they succeeded in getting the coal of the Sarre for France so as to cut the throats of the German industrialists.

The *Comité des Forges* outfit fought the Dawes plan and the Young Plan and all other attempts to liquidate the war. It was they who insisted that Poincaré go into the Ruhr. They played their part in emptying the coffers of the banks in 1925 and in driving the franc down to almost nothing, so as to defeat Herriot's policy of rapprochement with Germany. Of recent years they have been pursuing a double-faced strategy, working hand in glove with the big German industrialists, and at the same time fomenting hatred of Germany in the French press, so that the race for armaments will go on.

These men wear the masks of patriots. *Le Journal des Débats,* a well-known evening newspaper which is owned by François deWendel, makes a fetish of "security." It will feature in large type the laying down of a new German 10,000 ton cruiser, or supposedly *bona fide* revelations about Germany's "secret army," while it will either bury or hold up to scorn a statement by Chancellor von Schleicher to the effect that he would be glad to see the German army have paper shields if disarmament could be agreed upon. *Le Journal des Débats* chooses to ignore the fact that Germany is ill prepared at the moment to fight another war. It paints Germany as an immediate and a constant menace—while it is likely to ignore Mussolini's threatening gestures—because its readers are psychologically prepared to hate Germany.

The influence that the steel men exercise through the medium of *Le Temps* is even more insidious. Two years ago this newspaper, which is semi-official in character and is supposed to be absolutely impartial, fell into the hands of the *Comité des Forges* and the *Comité des Houillères* (mine-operators). The former group hated Aristide Briand, who had been so indiscreet as to declare that "there are journalists whose pens are made of the same steel as cannon." So they played him a Machiavellian trick before it was known that they had gained control of *Le Temps.* In May, 1931, they sent an emissary to him from the editorial staff inviting him to stand for the presidency. The following week, after he had announced his candidacy, *Le Temps* came out with an editorial castigating him, and he was accordingly defeated. When he lay dead some months later and all of France was in mourning, the provincial newspapers owned by François deWendel, declared exultantly, "Let the poison die with the beast."

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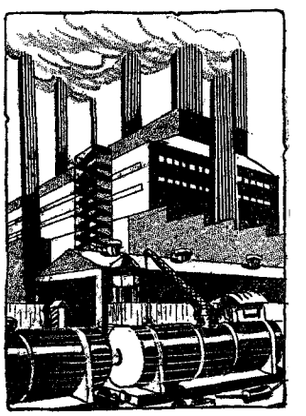
But what of the newspapers which the steel men do not own? There is reason to believe that the *Comité des Forges* expends huge—and secret—publicity funds to keep news out of the press which would be damaging to their interests. To illustrate. In January of last year Paul Faure, a Socialist, disclosed in the Chamber that the French government had made a loan, unauthorized by Parliament, to a Hungarian bank that was financing the fascist forces in Hungary and that was affiliated with the Parisian bank of which Eugène Schneider is chairman. Going further, he showed that both before and after the War the French government had made loans to countries which subsequently placed orders for arms with Schneider's firm, and that when these loans had gone bad the French people had been the losers. The facts were shocking. Yet not a word of his speech was reported in any French paper, outside of the Socialist and the Communist organs. The Radical and the other Left sheets kept silent.



Our American press is no model of purity, but the venality of the French press is beyond anything that we can imagine. André Siegfried admitted to me the widespread corruption of the Parisian press, but he assured me that the Frenchman is by nature a skeptic and therefore does

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not believe all that he reads. I fear that M. Siegfried is over-optimistic. When false truths are driven home to readers day after day, and year after year, they unconsciously come to believe what they read. That is the reason, no doubt, why otherwise intelligent French people will tell you that France really got nothing out of the War. (What of her enlarged sphere of influence in Central Europe, her mandates over German colonies?)

The French people themselves, I am convinced, are not bellicose. Frenchmen will fight if they are driven to it—and will fight well. But you have only to observe them in their relations with their womenfolk to discover that they dislike conflict and violence. The French people as a whole, apart from the professional military men and the industrialists who find war profitable, want to be left in peace to enjoy their own way of life. They may worship such personalities as Louis XIV and Napoleon, who wrote the name of France large on the map of Europe. And yet they are not imperially minded. They talk much less about their colonies than do the English (their recent Colonial Exposition to the contrary) and they would be content to see the sun rise and set on France alone. They believe that their culture is something unique, a heritage from the Greeks, and they will die to preserve it. France as a nation is as satisfied with herself as is the typical French family. It is this homogeneousness, so peculiar to the French, which makes them slow to coöperate with other nations, and gives them a persecution complex when they are led to think that their existence is threatened. This is France's one great fault. Only through her blindness, and not through her conscious will, is she likely ever to be a menace to the peace of the world.

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Myths of the Machine

By Harold F. Clark

In its January issue NEW OUTLOOK *completed a presentation of the findings of Technocracy, which have aroused national interest. In this issue* NEW OUTLOOK *presents the preliminary results of the findings of an equally important study group also investigating the social effect of automatic machinery. Harold F. Clark is Professor of Educational Economics at Teachers College. For further explanation see Talk of the Nation, page 56.*

Automatic machines; automatic factories. Factories that run without operators. . . . The man in the street, even some engineers say there are no such things, and perhaps there are not.

The so-called dial or automatic telephone may have a girl in the central station to connect up the wires. I, for one, who have been studying machines for some time, am rather skeptical as to whether this is the situation. The glass plant, or the paint plant, or the automobile frame plant, or the so-called automatic loom, or many of these other so-called automatic machines may have operators hidden in them. Again I am skeptical. I have stood by the hour by the side of one of these giant machines in a glass plant and have watched it work, turning out its product. I have been quite unable to see an operator. Of course, that does not prove that one was not there. Many of these so-called automatic factories we have not seen. I am inclined to think that is quite unimportant. Whether they are entirely automatic or not is quite beside the point. If a manufacturing plant, that formerly employed a thousand men, can now turn out its product with a hundred, or even a fraction of that number, the practical consequences are much the same as though it were entirely automatic.

The important question is not whether the plant is entirely automatic. The question is whether society has set up adequate social machinery to adjust for the displacement of men which is going on in a large part of industry.

For several years I and several of my associates here at Teachers College have been collecting all the cases we could find reported of so-called automatic factories or automatic machines. We have found hundreds of them which are scattered all over the United States and in all kinds of industries. Our particular interest has been the displacement of men by machinery. We have been trying to see if it is possible for society to set-up social machinery that will enable people to move from one industry to another and perhaps ultimately from industry into other occupations. Our work extending over several years and in many countries of the world, has convinced us that no amount of machinery, even entirely automatic, should necessarily produce unemployment.

We became interested in the problem by trying to answer the question of how many people should be trained for each occupation? In the past, society has had no answer to this question. In the future, it will have to have. There will have to be a constantly revised plan of the number of people that should be trained for each occupation.

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Myth No. 1

THE AUTOMATIC MACHINE MAKES UNEMPLOYMENT INEVITABLE

The man in the street says we see how it is possible to keep people working with ordinary machines in use, but how is it possible with completely automatic machines? There are well authenticated cases of several hundred different types of machines or factories in the United States that are entirely automatic as far as operators are concerned. Does this not make unemployment inevitable? If a factory which was employing a thousand men, can introduce automatic machines, and eliminate all, or practically all, of the operators, does not unemployment inevitably result?

Of course, even the automatic plant has to keep a substantial force of repair men and mechanics. But if the former labor force was a thousand and it is now one hundred, what are the nine hundred men going to do? This is the question which has puzzled many people. It is easy to assume that they must be without work. This is the wrong assumption. If one can imagine even the extreme case where the plant employed a thousand men and the entire one thousand have been replaced and the machinery operates without a single man and will even repair itself, still it is not necessary to have unemployment. If one wants to make a more extreme assumption, let him assume that this machine will not only repair but will replace itself so it takes no people to make a new machine, even yet unemployment is not necessary.

We are quite willing to admit that unemployment probably will result; probably most of the thousand people will be thrown out of work for many weeks, months, or perhaps even years. But we would be quite willing to defend the thesis that even if this factory operated without a single man and every other factory in America did likewise that still unemployment is not necessary. Probably not more than 20 per cent of our working population is employed in our factories. Even if all of these people were replaced, that should reduce the average working day by 20 per cent. and everybody should have a job. We are not saying this is easy or simple or even obvious; we are simply saying that sooner or later society will set up the machinery to see that this does happen. People will not indefinitely accept the myth that "automatic machinery makes unemployment inevitable."

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Myth No 2

THE MACHINE AND THE VALUE OF WORK

The savage in the forest hunting a wild animal would readily accept the aid of a better club. Even the farmer cultivating the land would be quite willing to accept an improved hoe or spade. It is quite clear that most of the development of machinery has been a great aid and assistance to mankind. In the 18th and 19th centuries man began to be tied to the machine. Some of his freedom began to disappear. Many people thought that this was the very nature of the machine; that it was to blame. The way to get freedom was to abolish the machine. The way to get work that had some meaning was to destroy the iron monster.

From many sides then we hear the advantage of the

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destruction of the machine. We hear it stated that the machine destroys the meaning of work. Many people think that the great iron monsters in a modern factory enslave human beings. *This may be the result,* but it is certainly not in the nature of the machine to do so. The machine, through most of its history, has been of great benefit to mankind. The factor which has played a large part in distinguishing man from the animals is his ability to use the machine. All that is necessary at the present time is for man to operate properly these more complicated machines to bring even greater freedom. The hand machinery of earlier generations, by and large, did increase the meaning of work. The semi-automatic machine of the 19th century failed to do so. But that was true, at least in part, because of our failure to use the machine properly. The completely automatic machine of the 20th century might remove man from the monotonous position. The automatic machine might be the final step in enabling practically all of the work that remains to be done to have great meaning to the individual, and at the same time to keep the effort of that work to a desirable amount. Only one who has failed to study history and to know the possibilities could believe the unfounded myth that "the greater the development of machinery the less meaningful work can be."

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Myth No. 3
ECONOMIC WELFARE AND THE DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY

Many people not only believe that it is possible to increase economic welfare by the destruction of property but act upon it. Brazil destroys a thousand, million pounds of coffee and will justify this act on the ground that the smaller amount has a greater value. The Federal Farm Board urges the plowing under of every fourth row of cotton and the drastic reduction of the amount of wheat grown, the justification in each case being that the smaller amount will have a greater value than the larger one. The fruit-growers will agree to leave hundreds of thousands of bushels upon the trees or the vines and will justify this on the ground that the value of the smaller amount is greater than the value of the larger. Of course, these losses are insignificant compared to the far greater economic loss that comes from the restriction of output on the part of manufacturing concerns and the restriction of output in many other fields. It is a very peculiar kind of thinking, but the assumption is widespread that wealth can be created by the destruction of property.

If you discuss the matter with the people who are advocating or performing such actions, you will find one usual justification. They will tell you that by this means the profits, or income, of the individuals or groups involved can be increased. In many cases this is true. But it is important for society to realize that wealth for all cannot be gained by the destruction of property and that welfare demands abundance and not scarcity.

Only the automatic machine makes possible this abundance. These machines must produce well toward their maximum efficiency if we are to have plenty. It is only a myth to think that "it is possible to increase economic welfare by the destruction of property or by the refusal to create property."

Myth No. 4
THE CARELESS AND THRIFTLESS ARE THE WORKLESS

Many people, even at the present time, state that any one can find a job who really wants it. This, of course, is a carry-over from early tradition when any person could go out and start farming. Land was free and an axe could always be obtained. The world today is entirely different. Many a man loses his job through no fault of his own. The closing of markets in China or Japan may throw automobile workers out on the street in Detroit. A revolution in South America may destroy the markets for textiles, or for shoes, or for chemicals made in New England. Forces over which the individual has no control at all may deprive him (however conscientious he is) of the basis of his livelihood. There is no greater myth abroad in the land than that unemployment spares the deserving and by some unknown process picks out only the careless and thriftless.

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Myth No. 5
UNEMPLOYMENT IS INEVITABLE

Millions of people believe that unemployment is inevitable. Go where you will in the Untied States at the present time and you will find people taking the attitude that the present unemployment situation is part of the inevitable order of nature.

It is easy to see, however, that unemployment is not necessary in a society where each person does all of his own work. If each individual is working only for himself he would naturally continue to work until he obtained what he wanted, and then he would stop. Many will agree that that is very good in an independent economy, but in our type of economic order they hold that some people will always be unemployed and many people will be unemployed at times. Again we are inclined to think that the generalization is all too sweeping. We have carried over the methods of economic control from a simple economic order. They obviously will not work at the present time. Unemployment is not inevitable. It cannot be abolished without setting up new instruments to control our economic order. To bring about such changes should be an important part of the effort of every individual.

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Myth No. 6
THERE IS NOT ENOUGH WORK FOR EVERYONE

There are people who believe there is not enough work. I have even heard it said that we have to make work in order to keep people busy. A very casual look around the world to see the things that need to be done should show the fallacy of the position that there is not enough work. If people mean that there is not work at any given time that will pay monetary profits to the individual promoting the work, that may be another matter, but the two issues should not be confused. The world needs more things done than will ever be accomplished in our lifetime.

Cities need to be rebuilt. There are many industrial cities in America which are not decent places for human beings to live. It is a mistake to say that the people cannot afford to have this done. If the men are doing

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nothing, they might far better be working upon this for themselves. This could be done with any proper scheme of planning such activity. Certainly only in a world that is mad could you have millions of people doing nothing when their houses are inadequate, their clothing is shabby, and their food is unwholesome.

The world needs millions of people to improve its health, other millions to develop and spread its intellectual and artistic heritage. In almost any field you consider you see the need of activity that would require millions of people. The difficulty is not that there is no work to be done. Long after we are gone and forgotten the world will still need far more done than can be done. In some long distant age in the future problems of idleness may become unavoidable. In the 20th century idleness is only an indication of stupidity and poor organization.

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Myth No. 7
TOO MANY PEOPLE IN EACH OCCUPATION

Only the other day a well informed person made the statement that there were too many people in each occupation. This statement was based upon the difficulty of finding any occupation which needs more people. It is quite true that if one investigates any of the important occupations in the United States he could find good reason for thinking that there are too many people in any one of those occupations. Certainly, if he asks the people in the occupation, they will say that there are too many people in it.

But is it not just the least bit ridiculous to say there are too many people in each occupation? Would the situation be any better if each occupation had just half as many people in it? The country had serious unemployment when the population was smaller and there is no reason to think the situation would not be just as bad if there were only half as many people today. The trouble grows out of maladjustments among occupations, and not out of the absolute number.

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Myth No. 8
TOO MANY PEOPLE

Closely allied with the previous fallacy is the widespread belief that there are too many people. Naturally if there are too many people in each occupation there are too many people. But perhaps no one of these individuals who says there are too many people really believes that the United States is over-populated. If one stops to analyze the question he sees how absurd it is to think that if there were only 10 million people in the United States all would be well. There is no reason to think that a population of 10 million or 50 million or any other number smaller than it actually is, would solve our difficulties. So far as I know there is not a competent authority who will state that the United States is over-populated. Practically all of the people who discuss the optimum population of the country agree that a population substantially larger than ours is at present would be preferable. The only reasonable assumption to make is that those people who say there are too many people in the Untied States have not investigated the facts.

Myth No. 9
THE MACHINE AND WORK REDUCTION

Once upon a time there lived a very wise man who said that machinery decreased the amount of labor. One of his neighbors had invented a club in order to kill more easily the wild animals which constituted most of their food. This club made it possible to accomplish the work in shorter time. The wise man said, "It is very dangerous to make machines to reduce the amount of labor because the first thing we know there will not be enough work for everyone to do." From that day to this there have been other wise men pointing out the disasters that will overtake mankind if we invent ways of doing work with less labor.

The idea is still widespread that machinery displacing men is necessarily the cause of much of our unemployment. Hundreds of thousands, even millions, of men have been displaced by machinery. And it is quite true that the lack of adequate economic organization to take care of the displacement may cause unemployment. But it is also true that no amount of displacement by machinery should cause unemployment in a rationally organized world. If a machine could be invented to do half the work of the world it should simply reduce the hours of labor for everyone by half, thereby increasing leisure. The trouble is not in the introduction of machinery; the trouble is with the lack of social organization and intelligence to control and direct its use. And to this extent the employers' contention that machinery is good, and the laborers' contention that it is bad, are both beside the point.

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Myth No. 10
LABOR SHOULD RESTRICT OUTPUT

There has recently been published a new book dealing with the limitation of output by unorganized workers. It presents a most amazing picture to one who does not know a variety of American industrial establishments. We are accustomed to think of American industry as operating on a high level of efficiency, but certainly the worker is not producing anything like what he could. He is going to the most incredible lengths to loaf on the job. These workers are convinced that limitation of output is necessary and desirable. Any worker who will not become a part of the system and do likewise, loses all caste with his co-worker. The worker seems to feel that there is a limited amount of work to be done, and that if he works too fast he will work himself out of a job. Of course, from the short term standpoint labor is right. If they work too fast there would be fewer hours of work. This is what they know and feel, consequently act upon.

Any knowledge to the contrary on the part of society or the employers is likely to be futile. If new schemes of social organization were set up that guaranteed that no worker would lose by maximum production, then there might be some chance to obtain it. From the long term standpoint, employers are quite justified in saying labor should not restrict output. But social energy would be far better spent in constructing a society in which labor will not lose by maximum output than it would by criticising labor for limitation of output.

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Myth No. 11

WORKING WOMEN KEEP MEN FROM JOBS

One of the most widespread beliefs at the present time is that if women work they are thereby keeping jobs from men. It is just a little difficult to determine the meaning of this argument. If it is implied that the country would be economically better off if women did not work, then we certainly cannot accept the assumption. This will be readily evident if we apply the same argument to other classes of people. If we are to improve the economic welfare of the country by keeping women from working, why not go still further by keeping red-headed men from working? We might even go a step further and keep all men weighing over 200 lbs. from working. Then we might keep people weighing 110 lbs. from work. Finally, we might decide that only white people, 38 years of age, who weigh 150 lbs., and who have graduated from Yale, shall be allowed to work. If someone can evolve a scheme by which we can make the Yale graduates do all the work and give the rest of us the product, I shall be perfectly happy. But no one in his right mind would argue that this is a process to increase the economic welfare of the country.

On the other hand, it is readily admitted that over short periods of time if you bar any group of people from working, whether they are women, black-headed men, or Princeton graduates, the rest of the population will thereby benefit, as far as jobs are concerned. But it must be clearly stated, once and for all, that debarring any group from a chance to work is not a method of increasing the welfare of any country.

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Myth No. 12

EFFICIENT FACTORIES MUST BE DIRTY FACTORIES

A long time ago a man in the insane asylum was seeing visions. He dreamed of a world where factories would be placed in great open spaces surrounded by trees and flowers. Great steel mills would operate and have most of their dust and smoke carried away by tubes. He saw a world where furniture factories and sawmills would operate and have the dust removed by suction tubes. He saw a world where even the ordinary worker could look forward to the time when beautiful surroundings would be accepted as a part of his natural working environment. Our friend was put in the asylum for seeing such visions. But that was many years ago.

Now staid and conservative engineers come along and tell us that it is possible to carry away the smoke from most factories by means of long tubes. In fact, the suggestion has even been made by competent authorities that cities in the future may prohibit smoke of any kind in the same way that they prohibit certain other nuisances at present. Along comes another engineer, in company with city planners, and tells us that we can beautify most of our industrial sections. The New York Regional Plan appears and shows how many elements of this plan could be carried out. An occasional courageous business leader has anticipated the future and constructed his factory along aesthetically pleasing lines. One factory in the middle west was even reproduced in some of the art magazines because of its aesthetic quality. Factories of the past have implied dirt and grime and long hours—things to be avoided. Factories of the future may well imply beautiful buildings, pleasant surroundigns, activity that is interesting, a chance to play our part in the world amid satisfactory and satisfying conditions.

Perhaps we will even live to see the time when we will visit the insane asylum and find a man there because he saw visions of dirty, grimy factories. Who knows? Stranger things have happened in the world than that pepole stopped believing the economic myth that efficient factories have to be dirty factories.

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Technocracy's Appeal

By P. B. Stovin

The basic appeal of the theory of Technocracy has been that the Machine properly controlled offers every individual increased leisure with a higher standard of living. P. B. Stovin, economist of the N. J. Bell Telephone Co., explains how this leisure has increased and should continue to increase without the radical changes proposed by Technocracy.

Tecnocracy makes its strongest appeal to the people of the United States on the premise that our present production facilities warrant a general increase in leisure. And it is in line with this constructive thought that both opponents and proponents of Technocracy's ideas appear to hold the greatest degree of agreement. It is when Technocracy, through its spokesman, Howard Scott, says "A crisis in the history of American civilization is at hand" that our resistance begins to rise. And it is when he goes further to say, "Technocracy smashes the price system," that our interest calls for an examination of the facts.

Starting in 1800, the year recognized by Technocracy as the point of departure in our startling technical advancement, history tells us that society lived under an economic order based upon the price system. During this period the planter in northern Virginia exchanged tobacco for potatoes with the planter in eastern Virginia, and for cotton with the planter in southern Virginia. Today in the same fashion the ten-year-old boy at school trades marbles with his playmate in the next seat. This is human. But it is also barter. And it is our price system.

In 1800, men worked from ten to twelve hours a day, at manual labor in order to produce just the bare necessities of life. The farmer planted his seed, cultivated his land and harvested his crop. His compensation was direct, in accordance with good judgment, hard work and the weather of God. The slave-owner alone knew about leisure. Of future security there was little or

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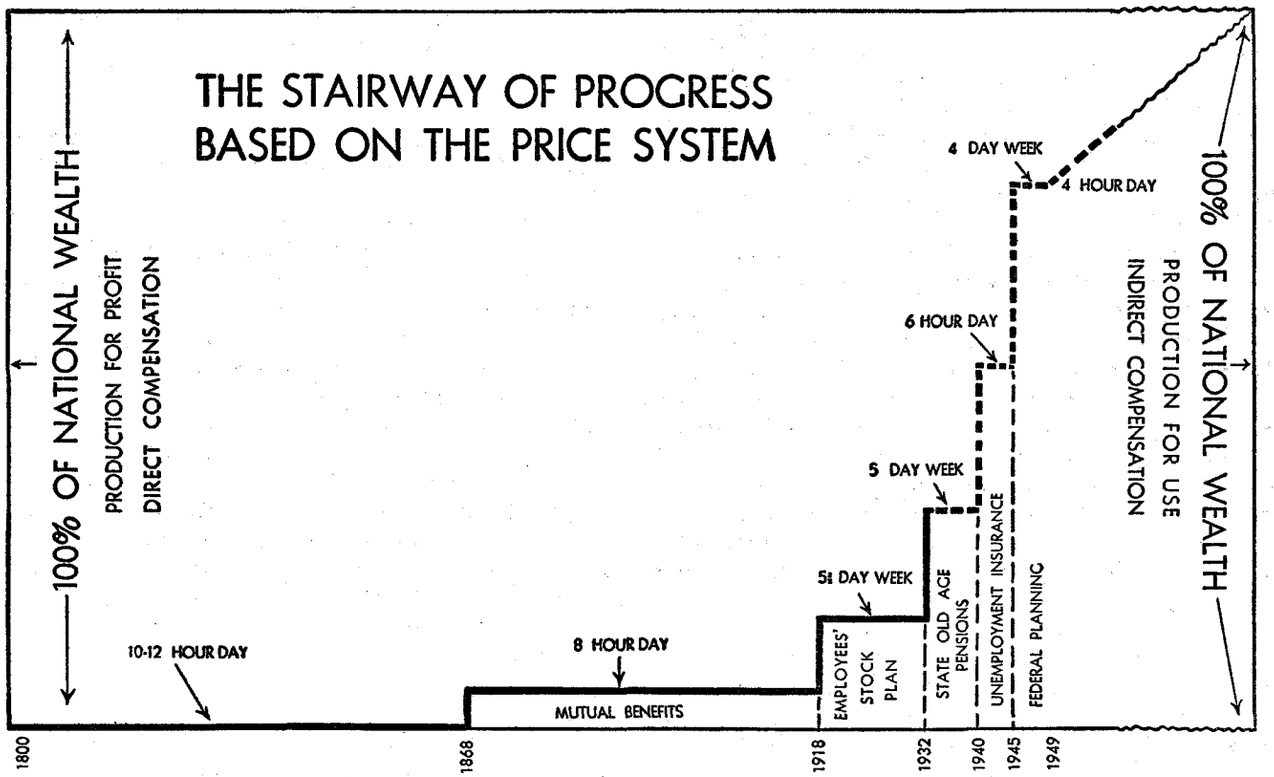
none. Life required the individual to work and to save.

In 1868, the first visible step in man's progress was made when the Federal Government passed a law approving the eight-hour working day for all its employees. Technical developments unquestionably built this step, on a price system base—adjustable then, as now. The total wealth of the country, which had of course increased with the years, was still distributed mainly as direct compensation for manual work. Saving for future security was almost wholly a responsibility of the individual. But a tendency toward indirect compensation



and collective saving had its beginning in the form of mutual benefit and group insurance plans.

About 1918, following the great technical advancements made in producing for war, the five and one-half day, forty-four hour week displaced the six-day forty-eight hour week for all time among the employees of our more progressive industrial concerns. At the same time some of the same employees turned from investing in Liberty Bonds to buying bonds in the open market. Others, in ever larger numbers soon became interested in buying stock from the companies for which they worked. And so it is that employees began to enjoy both direct and indirect compensation for their work, while collective saving increased further due to the ever-widening acceptance of benefit and insurance plans. Wealth, still distributed principally by means of wages, direct compensation, began to seep out through several indirect channels also. The price system adjusted itself and progress continued.

Today, at the beginning of 1933, the five-day forty-hour week appears quite generally to be displacing the 5½-day, 44-hour week of the past fifteen years. Employment spreads direct compensation to large numbers. Dividends bring indirect compensation to a rapidly increasing group. And collective saving expands again to include the State Old Age Pension. Slowly but truly the price system adjusts to iron out our present difficulties. So far, so good.

At this point, Technocracy says the price system must be dropped. Why? I look back over our course as traced by the accompanying chart and again say why? I think of human nature and say is it possible? No! So long as two of us have marbles to trade, I stand unconvinced.

Economic evolution can continue under the price system, and will, at an accelerating rate, to the six-hour day, the four-day week and the four-hour day; to unemployment insurance and Federal Planning; to security, leisure, and increasing culture.

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What Jehol Means to Main Street

By Martin Sommers

Should Americans be concerned over the present shooting in the Orient? The League of Nations admits its inability longer to control the situation. Martin Sommers, former China war correspondent, explains what the present Sino-Japanese war means to America.

THE LAST TIME I heard of Jehol and its gateway, the City of Shanhaikwan, was almost a year ago at the time the tough tramp soldiers of China's poet-general, Tsai Ting-kai, were tossing their potato-masher grenades against Japanese three-inch guns at Shanghai, and causing the Japanese military to lose a lot of face during the operation.

In Shanghai's frightened International Settlement, a few days after Tsai's 19th Route Army finally retreated with a theatrical, if costly, moral victory, I encountered a Japanese boy of high school age. He was of the type contemptuously called an Americanized Japanese by more orthodox sons of the Samurai. He was a non-military, scholarly youth, of a variety now developing in Japan, but not developing very fast. He went so far as to consider the Japanese invasion of Shanghai a stupid blunder on the part of the Nipponese Navy. He was about as liberal a young Japanese as you could find, but even he was concerned with the practical, and not the moral, issues involved at Shanghai.

"Now the Chinese, North and South both, will be encouraged to spend much money for bandit armies in Manchukuo," he said. "The Chinese leaders and their followers will think they can throw us out. They will make guerilla war. It will cost us much. Perhaps we shall be forced to take Peiping and Tientsin. Certainly we shall have to take Shanhaikwan and Jehol. This necessity for Japan may make trouble between our countries."

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At this writing the nut-brown soldiers of Nippon have taken Shanhaikwan, where the Great Wall meets the sea, after a bloody battle in this war that is not a war (a war made possible by the Kellogg Pact, the practical effect of which seems to have been that today you can wage war without declaring it). Fighting between revivified Chinese regiments and Japanese outposts is reported from Chinwangtao, the port eight miles south of Shanhaikwan, northward throughout Jehol. The timid Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, hitherto intent on saving his own skin no matter what else is lost to the Japanese, appears heartened by money from Nanking, and is reported to be sending his 100,000 long-idle troops forth to a finish fight at the Great Wall. The Japanese threaten Peiping and Tientsin.

I reflect on the accuracy of the Japanese seventeen-year-old's forecast. I mention the crisis to mature men here at home.

"Jehol? Jehol?" they say. "Oh, yeah, those Japanese so-and-sos are at it again, I hear. Well, as long as the Japanese stick to kicking the Chinese around, it doesn't mean anything to us."

Unfortunately today it means plenty to us. Two years ago, perhaps, it didn't. But things have happened in the last two years. Our Department of State and our unofficial meddlers have done things in the last two years, and today Jehol means something to the Kansas wheat farmer, the Harvard senior, and the New York business man—to say nothing of the California fruit grower.

It may mean a war the result of which is unpredictable. Why?

Perhaps the best answer can be obtained by reviewing what has happened in the last two years and adding up the things the Japanese hold against us. Whether the Japanese are justified in bearing a grudge is beside the point. A fancied injury can produce a fight every bit as quickly as an actual injury.

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The last event for which the Japanese blame us is perhaps the gravest of all. During the last month the Japanese press, in which the Tokio Man in the Street has absolute faith, flamed with the unqualified story that United States Minister to China Nelson T. Johnson, through backdoor diplomacy, brought about the recent resumption of diplomatic relations between Soviet Russia and Nanking—the most serious diplomatic blow Japan has suffered in years. A Nanking dispatch to the Tokio *Nichi-Nichi* and Osaka *Mainichi,* devoured with avidity daily by 4,000,000 readers, added:

"The Washington Government instructed Mr. Johnson to . . . do this . . . to hold Japan in check.

"An understanding was also reached that the United States will give loans to China for the purchase of arms to oppose Japan. . . . Having secured this promise of assistance from the United States, the Nanking Government now proposes to sign a military alliance with the Soviet Union!"

To undestand how serious a blow to Japan the new friendship between China and the Soviet is, one must go back to a scene enacted at 2 a.m. on the bitter cold morning of Jan. 20, 1925, in the historic Russian Embassy of old Peking, a city where for centuries intrigue has been the sacrament of ritualistic Legation Quarter life.

If theatrical, the scene appeared innocent enough on

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its surface and unimportant.

Kenkichi Yoshizawa, the Japanese Minister to China, whose leg had been broken in a fall from his horse a few days before, was carried through the frosty night to the Russian Embassy on a stretcher. The Soviet Ambassador L. M. Karakhan, a suave, scholarly gentleman who looks like anything but the popular idea of a Bolshevik, adjusted his pince-nez and signed an apparently innocuous commercial treaty between Russia and Japan in red ink, with great, galloping flourishes. Champagne corks popped and congratulations flew about.

There was plenty of ballyhoo; the making of the innocent commercial treaty appeared about as secret as the signing of articles for a world's heavyweight championship prizefight.

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But while I was in what is now Peiping two military attaches—each unaware of the other's knowledge, and both nameless here for obvious reasons—informed me that the innocent commercial treaty carried with it a secret "gentleman's agreement." The rather intricate agreement, they said, permitted Japan and Russia to divide the spoils of China. Although Tokio later made a grandstand play of refusing an open non-aggression treaty, the secret agreement, providing for the mutual tolerance of Red Moscow and Imperial Tokio in hacking away at old China in their respective spheres, was still functioning early in 1932, the military attaches said.

Obviously, if this secret agreement existed, it now is automatically broken, with Nanking and Moscow resuming relations, and the Chinese Government reported negotiating a military alliance with the Soviet. Japan, in its present precarious position, has suffered a diplomatic wound. For this wound, rightfully or wrongfully, the Japanese people blame the United States.

Even before this latest development, plenty of things were happening to make Jehol mean something to us. For example, Secretary of State Henry Lewis Stimson was taking his pen in hand. And almost every time he took his pen in hand, he pinked the highly sensitive Japanese.

Secretary Stimson's notes, memoranda and advices about the Sino-Japanese situation are too voluminous to be detailed. Sometimes he doesn't say anything directly against what he seems to consider the "pesky Japanese," but there is a certain petulant scolding tone between the lines of most of his manifold communications. This is especially true of his Jan. 7, 1932, note to Japan, when President Herbert Hoover's No. 1 diplomat declined to admit the legality of any situation, treaty or agreement which might impair the rights of American citizens in China, or might be brought about by means contrary to the Kellogg Pact.

Incidentally, the Secretary's persistent bearing down hard with the Kellogg Pact put him in a difficult position because the pact, dealing with war and peace, displays its own weakness by failing to define war.

Then, on February 23, the Secretary followed up with a letter to Senator William E. Borah in which he insisted upon the policy of the Open Door in China and denied that the Nine-Power Treaty had become inapplicable because of China's chaotic condition. During the previous twenty-five years American diplomats had reaffirmed the principles of the Open Door from time to time, but none had insisted on their immediate, or rigid application.

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All this might have passed off without setting the Japanese press aflame with outbursts about "gratuitous American insults" if it had not been for Secretary Stimson's speech of August 8 last.

The Secretary was speaking to the Council on Foreign Relations in New York City and he chose to refer to "an aggressor" and "fruits of aggression." Inferentially, he meant the Japanese and Manchuria. Naturally his speech aroused quick resentment in Tokio.

In spite of Secretary Stimson's efforts in straining relations between the United States and Japan within the last year or more, it is doubtful whether he has annoyed Tokio any more than our unofficial meddlers have. Our diplomats, when they meddle abroad, can offer the argument that they are charged with the protection of American interests throughout the world, and therefore duty-bound to act at their own discretion. The unofficial meddlers have no excuse whatever for their activities.

Unfortunately, Christian missionaries, and laymen influenced by them, form a large group of these unofficial meddlers. Through large cash endowments of the devout at home, our Christian missions have managed to make a showing in China. Famine-ridden, without schooling, and ailing, the poor Chinese have become converts in return for food, medical attention, and education. Materially better off and proud of it, the Japanese have successfully resisted Christianity, satisfied with Shinto, Taoism, and Buddhism. It is only natural for the missionaries to feel antagonistic toward a people who have smilingly listened to them with deaf ears. Naturally they favor the glib Chinese, who have enabled them to make adequate showings in reports to the home office.

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Another group has done its share to arouse the ire of the Nipponese, and therefore made the current slaughter in North China mean something to Main Street. This unit includes those delegates to the conference of the Institute on Pacific Relations who came home last year and went on lecture tours denouncing the sons of Dai Nippon as savage fiends—thus making our relations with our best customers in the Far East anything but pacific. In most cases these delegates made no personal investigation of the facts, but listened to the thoroughly charming and persuasive Chinese mentors assigned to them.

Preëminent in the group of chronic semi-official American meddlers is Prof. C. Walter Young, who is one of the operatives of the Institute of Current World Affairs, financed by Charles R. Crane, the son of the late

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Richard T. Crane, a Chicago laborer who made many millions from the manufacture of plumbing fixtures. Prof. Young was financed for study of affairs in the Far East, and the production of his monumental tomes on the subject of Chinese treaties. After Japan seized Manchuria he spent much of his time in the capacity of adviser to Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, and during the Shanghai warfare he wrote at least one of the reckless and absurd manifestos issued by the frightened son of the late War Lord Chang Hso-lin. And at the time the League of Nations' Commission of Inquiry report on the Sino-Japanese situation was issued—a document unfavorable to the Tokio Government in the extreme—the Japanese charged that the biased Prof. Young had personally written part of the report. The accusation was never denied.

Small wonder that Japan feels resentment toward a country which finances a scholar ostensibly to find facts, and then permits this employe to use his time for the benefit of the arch-enemy of the Tokio Government.

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But, you may ask, in spite of these unfortunate events, has the situation reached such a pass that Japan is seriously considering a war with the United States, after all?

The best answer probably can be obtained from the man who headed the League Commission, the plain-spoken Lord Lytton who, as Viceroy of India, ruled some 300,000,000 Hindus and Mohammedans whom Great Britain took and held by force of arms and the cunning of Robert Clive. The League spent about $3,000,000 on the Sino-Japanese situation, from its inception, and eventually obtained about 100,000 words in the report of what was popularly known as the Lytton Commission. The report declared that Japan had, contrary to existing treaties, forcibly seized and occupied the whole of Manchuria—indisputably Chinese territory—and therefore Japan had done wrong.

But it is doubtful if the 100,000-word report was worth as much as one sentence which the enlightened Lord Lytton uttered in an interview he gave Mr. William G. Shepherd, published in *Collier's* of January 14.

"Just now Japan is in no mood to be bluffed," Lord Lytton said.

When Mr. Shepherd asked Lord Lytton whether he thought there possibly could be any danger of a war between the United States and Japan, the Britisher replied:

"Of course, I cannot enter into a political question of that sort. I have told you that Japan is in no mood to be ordered about. Her attitude toward the world at this moment is defensive. That is always dangerous. That attitude can be changed only by sympathy, tact, and understanding."

That sums it up in the standardized nut shell—or perhaps it was the size of a nut shell that was the thing Herbert Hoover failed to standardize when he was Secretary of Commerce.

At any rate, Japan will not be bluffed. She thinks she was bluffed when, after her last century's victory over China and this century's defeat of Imperial Russia—the latter a triumph which surprised even Tokio,—she was not given territory won on the field of battle. Japanese diplomats feel their predecessors were bluffed plenty of times, even as recently as the Washington conference. They feel they recognized China as the "Sick Man of Asia" before any of the other powers achieved a complete diagnosis, and they believe that only the venal jealousy of rivals prevents them from exercising the rights of discovery. Rightly or wrongly, they blame the United States for having done much of the bluffing.

That is one reason why Japan does not propose to be bluffed again, and looks with suspicious eye at the United States, ready to retaliate to any attempt at bluff. But there is another more important reason why Japan will stand for no bluff.

So far as Japan is concerned, her people take the view that they are done with diplomacy. For them the grenade has replaced the glove, and bomb the visiting card, the tank the portfolio, and the steel helmet the silk hat. They feel, and I have heard them say so, that they may have failed at western diplomacy, but they will not fail at handling machine age armaments. They believe that they cannot maintain the integrity of the puppet state of Manchukuo unless they add Jehol—and maybe more of North China. They realize that after the independent state of Manchukuo was established, the Sino-Japanese warfare resolved into a phase at which the Chinese are efficient—a succession of bandit-soldier raids, and guerilla attacks.

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The Japanese military, at present in control of the Empire of the Rising Sun, has stated definitely that Chinese generals and their armies have used Jehol as a base of finance and supply long enough—just as the old Manchus used this "reservoir province" as a base when they swept from Manchuria across the Great Wall into old China. The Nipponese military has stated that Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang has employed Jehol as a clearing for the transfer of men, money, and food to the generals who have made Japan realize what a lot of chewing is still to be done on the Manchurian bite taken out of China. The best strategists of Japan's excellent army insist on the conquest to the Great Wall, at the very least, if Manchukuo is to have true order. And His Royal Highness, the Emperor of Japan, has agreed. Therefore, diplomacy or no diplomacy, the subjugation of Jehol, a province as large as New York State, will continue.

The economic phase is too involved to be discussed in this limited space, perhaps, but it cannot be ignored. Japan is broke and living far beyond her income, at the moment, with her currency falling rapidly and the printing presses in Tokio mints working overtime. Nippon is in the position of a man who, owing everybody and hard pressed, takes all the money he can lay hands on and pays for the drilling of an oil well on an outlying piece of land. It's got to produce, or he's sunk! In the case of Japan, the well is the efficient army, and the piece of land, Manchuria.

The Japanese are too desperate, from all points of view, to be in a mood

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for bluffing at this time, or to consider such a new fangled thing in diplomacy as the League of Nations.

But—and the question is a fair one—is there no such thing as right and wrong in world affairs?

Is there no moral issue involved? Is there no humanitarian consideration? Shall the Japanese butchery of civilian Chinese men, women, and children at Shanghai be condoned? Shall their ruthless savagery in sections of Manchuria be tacitly approved? Shall their bald diplomatic misrepresentations—not to call them by a harsher word—be allowed to pass uncensured?

There is only one answer. The occidental mind cannot possibly pass on an oriental moral issue. The codes are not the same. The Occidental, from birth, is taught that to lie or to steal or to kill is wrong, no matter what the cause involved.

The Japanese national religion is Shinto. The primary precept of Shinto is: "Follow the impulse of nature and obey your Emperor." Shinto, something like an occult force, is not really a religion. It is a thing as thoroughly formless as magnetism, or an ancestral impulse. It is a philosophy of life, there is no reward for good deeds or firm faith in any future existence. So far as Shinto reveals, there is no future state, and the highest exaltation on earth can be derived through worship of ancestors or Emperor.

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It cannot be contested that to lie, to steal, or even to murder is regarded as a virtue by the Japanese if one lies, or steals, or murders because of patriotism—the service of the Sun of Heaven excuses all. To put it in a Christianized version, if one commits a crime for Dai Nippon, one is fighting the devil and therefore all's fair!

Shinto precludes any occidental moral judgment on the Japanese. It serves them and it has done as well by them as our Ten Commandments, which—however faintly they are remembered—still constitute the western code, have done by us.

Then, if Jehol really does mean something to Main Street, what can we do about it?

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We always have with us those who belong to the way-out-of-this-depression-is-a-damned-good-war school of thought. We could go to war with Japan, and there are a lot of arguments for it. A draft at this time would take care of the unemployed. And a good many people are saying that we should have a capital levy. A first-class war always produces a redistribution of wealth, or what amounts to a capital levy. If a man has $20,000,000 and his country is in a first-class war, the Government puts a pistol to his head and tells him he must hand over $1,000,000 in return for ornate pieces of paper saying the Government will pay it back sometime. If we went to Japan now we probably could lick the Japanese once and for all—what with the Chinese ready to do plenty of pin-pricking and high pressure sabotage from the rear.

But others of us believe that war is the greatest catastrophe that afflicts the human race. And we want none of it, if it possibly can be avoided.

Then what are we going to do about the Japanese?

The Japanese, in their present state of mind, say: "Put up your dukes or shut up!" We can allow Japan to go ahead in Jehol and keep silent, or we can protest over the place and go to war. That is what Jehol means to Main Street.

You can take your choice.

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The New March on Washington

By J. Frederick Essary

A new host is marching today upon our perpetually defenseless capitol. J. Frederick Essary, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, explains the meaning and the purpose of this latest of "the hunger marches."

IN THE CLOSING WEEKS of the old year a thousand or so citizens of the Republic (I suppose they were citizens) packed themselves into creaking motor-busses, delapidated trucks and over-ripe flivvers, and paid an unwelcomed visit to the National Capital. They came with flaunting banners and flags unfurled to the winter breezes, red flags, some of them; others mixed with the white and blue.

They came, so they said, to exercise their constitutional right to petition Congress for the redress of wrongs. They called themselves "Hunger Marchers," and those of us who had a duty to write about them, allowed the designation to stick. It was as good a name as any, even though, strictly speaking, there was no actual hunger among them, and a minimum of marching.

These brief observations are made upon a by-gone episode, not to resurrect for review a bit of the past. They are made to introduce the fact that another march upon Washington is now under way. Another "army" is converging upon this everlastingly defenseless city. Its legions are organized, or organizing, in every state—in every city and county of every state; in every village and hamlet.

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The Democrats are coming!

They are coming by the thousands, either in the flesh or by proxy—some with cherished party records of a life-time, some whose Democratic devotion dates back no further than 1928, and some, back only to November 8. But as between the long-confirmed and the recent converts there are only minor degrees of difference in the matter of enthusiasm. In fact, it is difficult for the naked eye to detect any difference whatever.

These Democrats are coming, let it be proclaimed, to demand the spoils of victory! They are coming unashamed, undismayed and unterrified!

And it is surely no misnomer to call these political pilgrims hunger marchers. For if the truth be known there was not greater hunger in Napoleon's ragged ranks on the retreat from Moscow, or Lee's from Petersburg, or in Washington's bitter winter at Valley Forge. The hunger this time, albeit, is for place and power — mainly place. The "power" part may be dismissed as an incidental consideration, and unimportant.

For twelve years, it must be borne in mind, the hosts of Democracy have been on starvation rations. Their only nourishment has been the crumbs from the Republican table, a "minority" appointment here and there, or a bone thrown to a Hoovercrat, a third or a fourth class postmastership in sections where there were not enough Republicans to go around, or maybe a civil service itinerant who got by unseen.

The passion for place at the moment is the more overpowering because of the acute distress which plagues, and all but paralyzes, the country. There have been other violent changes in political control, within the life and memory of this generation. In 1912 we saw the Democrats swept headlong into power after sixteen years of banishment from Washington. Eight years later we saw the Republicans come back with a dizzying grand slam.

But we witnessed no patronage stampedes such as that which now promises to overwhelm the Roosevelt regime. The answer, of course, is found in the simple fact that most men and women were in far better circumstances in 1912, and in 1920, than they are now. They were not panting like exhausted animals for a chance at the Federal payroll, certainly not for the picayune places upon which men and women now place a value which is positively pathetic.

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There could be no more melancholy commentary upon the wretched failures of government to function or society sanely to integrate itself, during the past few years, than the exhibition of literally countless men and women turning hungrily to political pap as a refuge and a livelihood, when they should be making their way comfortably in their businesses or their professions or their trades. And it seems ridiculous that a new administration, assuming the grave responsibilities that are about to be imposed upon that of Franklin D. Roosevelt, should be badgered to the point of distraction by office-seekers.

If Mr. Roosevelt is as smart as I think he is, he will resist this onslaught. He will lay down the hard and fast rule, and enforce it to the letter, that he will give himself no concern whatever with patronage matters below, let us say, the rank of a Cabinet officer, or the Diplomatic Corps. He will delegate the rest of the office-filling job to the heads of the ten executive departments.

There is a precedent for that, moreover, a Democratic precedent. Woodrow Wilson made such a rule and adhered to it. He publicly announced it before he went into office in 1913. Many of his party associates naturally refused to credit such an innovation. They assumed that it was promulgated for "effect." But when later on they carried their applications to him, they found

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to their astonishment that Mr. Wilson meant exactly what he had proclaimed.

Today, Democratic members of the House and Senate—particularly those who hold over—are enduring a nightmare. The President-elect may be enjoying the brief "political honeymoon" which follows the election and precedes the inauguration of every incoming Executive. But there is no such felicity for those of his party followers who rode into Federal office on the crest of his tidal wave.

These Democratic legislators, burdened, or about to be burdened, with responsibilities heavier even than those of the World War period itself, are being driven to desperation by the ever-increasing horde of office-seekers. Not one of them can remember anything like it and if the truth will bear telling, there is not one who in his heart is not yearning already for the good old days when the Republicans were the nation's patronage dispensers.

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Nor by any remote chance is there any genuine capital to be made out of the situation by the Democratic Senators and Congressmen. For they gloomily recall and testify to the truth of the late Champ Clark's famous patronage observation.

"For every appointive office" said Clark "there are no less than twenty-five applicants. In time the place is filled. The appointing power thereby makes twenty-four enemies and one ingrate."

It is no exaggeration to say that even now some of the House and Senate members dare not go to their own offices except by stealth. They slip in through side doors and out again to avoid the importunate people who crowd their reception rooms. This is fairly easy perhaps in the case of Senators with suites but it is cruelly tough on the one-room Congressmen.

Even those who hail from distant states or districts and who thereby escape some of the rush are buried almost daily by written applications for office. It is not unusual for a Democratic Senator to receive 500 such letters in a single day. Many of these applicants put in, not for a single job, but give a second, a third or even a fourth choice. All of which involves an elaborate system of cross-indexing and has made it necessary for many Senators to engage additional secretarial help at their own expense. For to ignore these letters would be next to suicidal.

And it may be recorded that the job hunters are not confining their supplications to the men in office or those who expect to be. Many of them are appealing to newspaper correspondents, upon the highly dubious assumption that we have "influence" with the appointing power. Both our mail and our offices are invaded daily by applications or applicants themselves. To send them forth without so much as a generous gesture would be brutal; to send them away with a false hope would be more brutal still.

The experience of Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi is typical of that party's potenates who are supposed to have vast patronage for distribution under the Roosevelt rule. Not long ago he visited Jackson, the capital of his state. His coming had been well-advertised and, as was to be expected, he made himself accessible to his friends.

In one day, spent in that one city, he received the names of enough applicants for Federal offices to cover six and one half typewritten pages!

The applications in this and other instances range all the way from deputy United States marshals to Cabinet portfolios. There is, of course, the usual crop of petitions for the more perfumed diplomatic posts, but the percentage of that class is not high. The thousands, as contrasted with the hundreds, are looking for places, the qualifications of which are less exacting—places more celebrated for income than outgo.

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Democratic leaders, let it be stated, have brought much of this patronage travail upon themselves. They courted it when they boldly heralded their determination to resist confirmation by the Senate of every Hoover appointment made during the recess of Congress, or that might thereafter be made, unless such appointment should automatically expire on March 4.

Senator Joseph T. Robinson, of Arkansas, minority leader of the Senate, announced his embargo from the very threshold of the Roosevelt cottage in Warm Springs, Ga., late in November. It was a natural thing for him to do, and in doing it he followed the same course taken by the Republicans themselves after they defeated the Democrats in 1920. Whether natural or not, or whether justified by memorable precedent, the embargo had one inevitable effect. It inspired hope in a few more thousand Democratic breasts and increased the patronage pressure by just that much.

Nor was that all. The Senate had barely reconvened in December when Senator McKellar, of Tennessee, presented his resolution calling upon the Civil Service Commission to file a report showing exactly how many non-classified jobs there are in the Government. By non-classified places is meant those not covered by the Civil Service and which, therefore, may be filled without examination.

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Then to carry their folly a step further the Democratic leaders have given notice that at the proper time they will demand to know how many places in the Civil Service itself have been filled during the Hoover period by Executive Orders, waiving examinations. The implication, of course, is that many of these orders will be revoked, particularly if it can be shown that they were issued for the sole purpose of giving Republicans lifetime jobs.

That is the silver side of the picture from the standpoint of the man or woman with an appetite for place. But there is another. These same Democratic leaders have dedicated themselves to the proposition that the vastly over-grown Federal organism must be reduced. They have decreed the death of useless commissions, of overlapping bureaus, of duplicated functions all along the line. They talk bravely of cutting the expenses of the

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executive departments twenty-five percent. And if that comes to pass, then infinite jobs that might otherwise go to the deserving, must pass into the limbo of things that were.

We have listened to these gallant sentiments before, of course; Mr. Harding uttered them in his campaign speeches and in his subsequent messages to Congress. Mr. Coolidge did the same thing, as did Mr. Hoover. Yet nothing came of it. Instead, each year for the past ten has seen the governmental machine expand. In less than four years Mr. Hoover actually created fifty new boards and commissions!

Now comes Mr. Roosevelt with his flaming demand for economy, his campaign pledge for a horizontal slash in the budgetary outlay, with a bridal gift in the form of a billion and half dollar Treasury deficit, and with overwhelming party majorities in both branches of Congress. If the job of cutting away the fungus cannot be executed under these conditions, then the country might as well give up.

Discouraging to the faithful as all this would seem to be, as yet we discover no shrinkage in the volume of applications for office, due to it, or to any other cause. And unless by some form of political magic a halt is called, we will witness in Washington on March 4, a double parade. One will march gaily and gloriously down Pennsylvania Avenue in the wake of the inaugurated President and pass in stately review before him. There will be nothing resplendent about the other. It will be made up of party patriots, an unassuming body that will stand wistfully at the curb as the new President passes. And when the martial music has died away and the last soldier has disappeared in the distance, they will quietly withdraw to their hotels, wondering what the future may hold for them.

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For weeks after the inaugural hurrah is over these men will encamp in Washington. They will besiege and beseech their Senators and Congressmen. They will stand for uncounted hours in hotel lobbies reaching out here and there for a friendly hand, or persue the retreating figure of some personage who the newspapers will tell them is "close" to the Throne.

In time their money will run low. They will give up their rooms in the first class hotels and seek lodging in cheaper quarters. Eventually their money will run lower still, and finally many of them will find shabby and out-of-the-way rooming houses. Their clothes will begin to bag at the knees and the shine of long wear will appear. In time, many of them—the political derelicts—will return sadly to their homes, their last hope of preferment disappointed, their faith in their party, gone.

Then, too, we are awaiting the reappearance of the patronage broker, perhaps the oddest product of our politics. He functions upon lines entirely different from the professional lobbyist and works to a different end. He deals in jobs, instead of legislation, and naturally flourishes with greatest profit to himself when administrations are changing.

With every such change these suave gentlemen seem to come to life much as do the locusts. They establish themselves in apparent good standing with the appointing power, then pass among the eager and the rich, preferably the rich, promising office-seekers very special consideration, at a price.

They were in the Capital en masse when Wilson was first inaugurated. They were here again when Harding and Coolidge and Hoover were inducted into office. Occasionaly an unfeeling newspaper exposes the craft, and patronage brokerage slumps for a time. But after the storm has passed—and it seems always to pass before a new President goes in—the brokers are back at the old stand ready to transact business.

The operations of these performers are interesting to observe. Although the pretenders have a hand out at all times for the small fee, that is, the fee of a would-be collector of internal revenue, or postmaster, most of them angle for bigger fish. They thrive upon the millionaire whose wife and daughters want to see him made an ambassador, or a minister, or a territorial governor. And singular as it may be, it is usually the man who has made big money and who has a fervent longing for the ornamental things of politics, who proves the easiest sucker for the ready fixers around Washington.

We continue to hear that National Chairman James A. Farley will be made Postmaster General in the Roosevelt Cabinet and as such, becomes the Administration's patronage arbiter-in-chief. "Big Jim" now enjoys vast popularity with the Democrats of all brands and breeds. But I warn him that this popularity will dissolve into nothingness in less than six months if ever he takes on the job of satisfying the demands of the office grabbers. It just can't be done.

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Here is a Farley anecdote, appended as a sort of postscript. As the tale goes, and a true tale it is, some of the National Chairman's gallant admirers in Greenville, Ga., near Warm Springs, hit upon the idea some weeks ago of giving him a partridge dinner. At the time he was staying at Warm Springs in company with a score of other Democratic leaders, all of whom were included in the invitation.

One of the Farley hosts, in charge of the banquet arrangements, called a sportsman friend near Greenville to say that he must have one hundred birds at once for the big Farley dinner. The answer came back:

"I'll get the birds all right, Bill; but who the hell is Farley?"

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Actor's Day

By Frank Gillmore

Frank Gillmore, President of the Actors Equity, continues the discussion begun by Arthur Hopkins in these pages last month on what's wrong with the American theatre.

THE THEATRE is a giant swing, and like a giant swing least justifies its existence when it is not in motion. The theatre is, however, scarcely ever motionless and is usually on its way to or from somewhere in a tearing hurry.

At the moment the theatre seems almost at rest and at the end of one of its great swings. For nearly fifteen years, or roughly since the war, the theatre has been moving steadily in the direction of realism. In that time the theatre has not been content with merely facing the facts of life, it has apparently tried to outface them. And the facts which were under consideration have largely been unpleasant, ugly and disheartening.

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It was a natural and orderly progression, for the world was going through an ugly, unpleasant and disheartening time. The theatre only reflected the skepticism, the disillusionment, the despair of its audiences.

But as is so often the case, the theatre became so interested in one particular aspect of our complex civilization that it forgot or ignored the fact that there were other sides. And to do that was an error just as it would have been an error to disregard the ugly but vital themes of the realistic theatre.

I know that there are fine and high-minded people who would respond to an appeal from the drama to their natures. I believe there are more of them than dramatists and producers appear to realize and I am convinced that a swing towards the ideal would be both desirable and profitable. But let us be concerned, for the moment, with the contributing factors which have brought about the conditions that today threaten the existence of the theatre.

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The theatre has been dragged down to its present level by a variety of causes.

Through the ages a succession of great plays and great players have contributed to the progress of the theatre.

But it has not been the orderly, uninterrupted progress which marks the rising of a great tide. It has come, rather, as a series of waves, some of which have been much grander and more powerful than their fellows, and interspersed with patches of calm in which the surface has borne scarcely a ripple. There have been other contributing factors, too, but in the main the impulses behind these waves of power have been playwrights and actors.

They have not always traveled together, these two. There have been periods when the playwright was clearly the more important factor. And there have been other periods when able and inspired actors have had to make up for a lack of suitable material by their own efforts. These were waves of inspired acting when players seized upon plays which were of no more than average merit, and perhaps less, and built up certain characters, at which the dramatists had only hinted, until these creations of theirs became of more significance than all the rest of the play.

It is not necessary to go further than our own theatre, or back in point of time beyond Richard Mansfield to see a case in point. Neither "Beau Brummel" nor "A Parisian Romance" were particularly good plays, but Mansfield made them seem so. The same is true of E. H. Sothern with "Lord Dundreary" and Joseph Jefferson with "Rip Van Winkle." Henry Irving's contribution to "The Bells" and "The Lyons Mail" were familiar to American audiences of a generation ago—and that of George Arliss' to "Old English" to the present generation. Whatever they started out to be, the characters created by those artists speedily became the plays with which they were associated.

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For some years the American theatre has been passing through an era in which the playwright was the dominant factor. How many of our present playwrights will be accounted among the immortals is another thing, but for range and originality and independence of thought the playwrights of the past ten or fifteen years compare favorably with those of some of the great periods of the stage.

But in the past season or two there has been a noticeable falling off in the quantity of quality plays presented in the American theatre. It may be that potential writers for the stage are being drawn off into other fields of activity because of the greater rewards available to them there. It may be that the producers are making the way of the younger dramatists so discouraging that they are being forced out of the theatre. It may be that the creative urge is on a temporary down curve. I am inclined to believe that all these factors may be in part responsible for the situation.

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Whatever the cause, there is probably ahead of the American theatre an era in which less can be expected of its dramatists than formerly.

Such periods in the past have produced the greatest actors. I believe that such a period will still furnish adequate opportunities to those actors who are prepared

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and able to seize them. But those opportunities will not be achieved by wishing for them. They are not likely to come out of four frenzied weeks of rehearsal time.

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Somewhere, somehow, in this approaching period an actor here, an actress there, will recognize the possibilities of some part in a play which may not appear to have much promise. Studying, brooding, experimenting, creating, the actor will build up that character with all the cunning and experience at his command. And from that travail will emerge another "Rip," a second "Beau," characters which will live longer than the actor who brought them alive.

There are actors and actresses capable of such work in the American theatre today. Their opportunity is not confined to New York, but is country-wide. But it rests with them to see their opportunities and to seize them. It looks as though the actor's hour is at hand.

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But after all, the greatest blame for the sorry state in which the legitimate theatre finds itself today must attach to the commercial manager primarily. Under the old star system it was possible for an actor to become a manager, and this frequently happened. The star knew he was personally responsible for his offerings to the public and consequently he must give the public well-ordered entertainment which meant good supporting casts of actors and adequate scenic investiture. The star, being in the profession for life, established a following which in commercial activities is termed good will, and this is a tremendous factor and asset in carrying on a business permanently and successfully. It is true he had to choose a suitable role, but he always had to be extremely careful about the rest of the show to make it as well balanced as his own role. These were the halcyon days in the theatre with the annual tours of its great stars. The commercial manager looked with covetous eyes on the profits made by these stars, and he replaced the star with an indifferent cast for road tours because he wanted all the immediate receipts and had no thought of creating good will among those who bought tickets to see his productions.

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There was a time when the commercial manager was highly successful, that is, from a commercial point of view; but his methods of sending out inferior companies playing reigning Broadway hits and charging Broadway prices for these touring companies started the theatre on its downward slump. Complaints began to come in from the out-of-town theatregoers that companies and performances seen and given in their towns were not as advertised and did not live up to the promises made by the managers in reading notices offered to the local dramatic editors for publication in their journals. The discontent grew and grew until many theatregoers abandoned their life long habit of visiting the theatre.

In spite of the business acumen they were credited with, these managers refused to see the handwriting on the wall as evidenced by constant diminishing box-office receipts, and declined to take any steps which would have improved the value of their productions, and thus have kept fertile a territory which might be as profitable today as it was exceedingly lucrative in the past. The ordinary business concern when it finds one of its departments falling off immediately employs experts to go to the seat of the trouble and discover what is wrong, either with the product, or the methods of merchandising, and undertake to remedy conditions as quickly as possible. Not so with theatrical managers. They decline to get together and do anything constructive. If they were betting on the wrong number this week they expect to bet on the right one next week.

The one-night stand manager in the smaller cities was hard pressed. Not only was he provided with cheap casts that gave mediocre performances, but when a star of the first magnitude came along the New York producer demanded exorbitant terms, sometimes as high as 90% of the gross receipts. The one-night stand manager had to agree to these terms because he desired to give his patrons the best, although he could not possibly make money on many of these attractions and was frequently considerably out of pocket after paying his expenses. This fact is mentioned to show the selfishness of the New York manager, and his indifference to the welfare of those who owned theatres which were supposed to bring in a reasonable return on the investment. When the grand old favorites of the stage retired there were few to take their places because the manager believed that the play was the thing and he did not wish to give any individual member of his company a particular claim upon the receipts.

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The advent of the motion picture hurt the theatre too, and very materially when sound was introduced. That took more audiences away from us. The authors, too, gradually changed and became sophisticated in their writings to the last degree. This was resented by large numbers of people in the large cities and by even larger numbers in the outside territory. Sophisticated as such plays were when they started, each successive season saw them more so. The writing became "realistic," manuscripts with the poetical thought in them were thrown out. The playwright was advised not to soar but to crawl. Ability of character, high aspirations, poetic feeling, idealism were all taboo; and so the people went more and more to the cheaper forms of entertainment and left the "legitimate" to a restricted class. The managers helped to wean the theatre away from the people by doing away with the gallery. In the old days the theatre was a democratic assembly, at least taken as a whole. The orchestra was filled with the wealthy and the gallery by the less fortunate, but they all listened to the same thing and were moved by the same emotions. It welded the classes into one; but the new managers decided that they did not want the masses in their theatres and so they did away with the gallery. They forgot that

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the gallery frequenter of today is the occupant of the orchestra seat tomorrow.

The producing manager is also responsible for making many of our cities impotent to the appeal of the theatre by using these towns as the locale for tryouts for productions intended for Broadway. Broadway prices were charged for performances which on Monday nights were entirely different than those given on Saturday evenings. This was preëminently unfair to the customer, and in course of time scores of these cities and towns resented this indifference to their rights and in consequence what was once profitable territory is now as fruitless as the Desert of Sahara.

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It is to be regretted, and it is unfortunate for the legitimate theatre at the moment, to be linked in every mind with Broadway. Even though, in recent years, the legitimate theatre has taken to the side streets and Broadway is largely given over to motion pictures, vaudeville, and burlesque theatres; to orange stands, Chinatown buses and barkers; to cheap stores and restaurants, still the average mind thinks of Broadway and the legitimate theatre as one and the same thing. But there is no need for this sorry state of things to continue indefinitely. The theatre is not married to Broadway. It existed and flourished in other cities when Broadway hardly went beyond Wall Street, and it can continue to exist and flourish if it should decide to separate from Broadway.

We shall have to start rebuilding the institution again if we are ever to regain the position in the people's affections that we once had. Critics may sneer at theatrical tricks, yet some of them cannot be supplanted. Movie theatres don't scorn them, the plain people love them and so why should we of the legitimate relinquish that which proved its worth for generation after generation. There is one hope which, though only a dream at the moment, may materialize into a healthy situation and that is the municipal theatre. If the major cities could be persuaded that a classic theatre is as essential to the well being of a city as a picture gallery I think the effect would be far reaching. We have a mine of classical writings so rich that no other language in the world possesses anything like it. The municipal theatre would be the means of training young people to be actors of talent now so sadly lacking since the stock theatres are reduced to few in numbers, which was also brought about by managerial greed in demanding too high a price for stock releases of Broadway hits. A municipal theatre would encourage the sort of creative writing which is so sorely needed by the theatre. The municipal theatre would, in my opinion, start a golden age of drama and every one would benefit therefrom. Of course, it must be understood that I have generalized. I know only too well that there are managers today with high ideals who are thoroughly competent but with most of them the trend of the times has been too much for them. In trying to cater to all, they cater to none.

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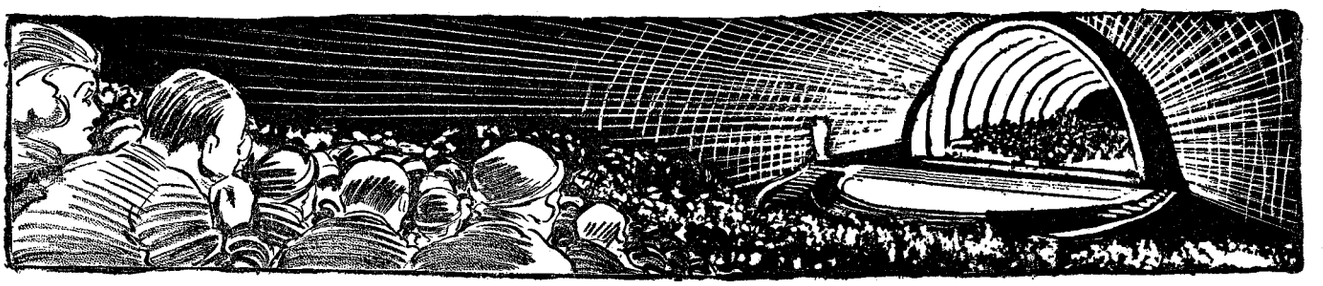
How fast or far this swing of the theatrical pendulum may travel in the other direction can safely be left to the general temper of the time. But to the first dramatists and producers who strike the right note there will go both honor and profits. There are dramatists able and happy to write the plays I have in mind. There are audiences ready and happy to receive them. Who will be the producers who will bring the two together and give the swing its first impulse in the direction of this idealism?



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One-Legged Economy

By Henry Kittredge Norton

This is the first of two articles describing a plan for investing in wages, which is seriously being considered by many American industrialists as a means of balancing production and consumption.

SIDE-HILL WALLOPERS, those favorite animals of mid-western mythology, may have gotten along nicely with one leg longer than the other because they always went around the hill the same way. Our national economy, a much more cumbrous creature, and condemned by the vagaries of public taste to wander over plains and valleys as well as hills, has need of two sound legs of equal length. Otherwise it will make but halting progress, interrupted now and again by awkward falls. Obvious as this would seem to be, it is none the less true that to date we have endowed our national economy with but one sound leg.

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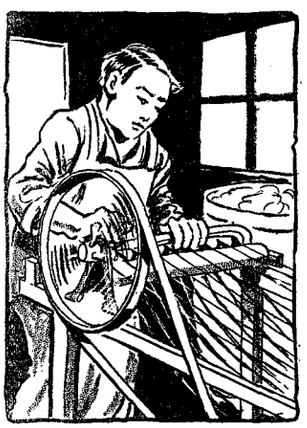
Treatises on economics concern themselves with innumerable subjects such as money and gold standards, currency and credit, protection and free trade, wages and profits. But all these things are mere trimmings. Not unimportant by any means, but still trimmings. For they are functions of the two great fundamentals of all economics—production and consumption. These are the two legs of our economy. If production is such as to demand the use of all, or nearly all, of our producing capacity, and consumption swings vigorously along beside it so that the products of industry are distributed and absorbed, capital and labor will alike be happy in the assurance that the many incidentals of economics can be easily kept in satisfactory working order.

The production side of our economy has had ample attention. From the day when the first spinning-jenny was set to work in England, the whole power of the capitalist system, motivated and energized by the urge for increased profits, has been devoted to more production, bigger production, faster production, better production and cheaper production. Industry moved irresistibly in the direction of constantly increasing output. Every new product which has come into use, every new industry which has come into being, has gone through a similar intensifying process.



The upshot of all this concentration of attention upon the power and efficiency of production is the prodigious industrial mechanism whose potentialities have been indicated in the articles on "Technocracy" in the last three issues of NEW OUTLOOK. The accuracy of Technocracy's figures has been challenged; the logic of its inferences questioned, and the motives of its promoters impugned. Whether rightly or wrongly time will disclose. But whatever happens to "Technocracy" as such, the incontestable fact remains that our capacity for production has been so enormously enhanced that we can now produce enough and more than enough of all the necessities of life and of most of the luxuries.

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The construction of new producing equipment demands the labor of armies of men and keeps consumption at a high level. When there occurs a recession in the constructive activities, however, these men are thrown out of employment and their consuming power is greatly reduced. That throws other men out of work, reduces their consuming power—and we are in the grip of the vicious downward spiral. There is every indication that during the war and the post-war decade our capacity for production had far outrun our consuming power.

This being the case, the chief problem of industry assumes quite a different aspect from that which it has borne during the last hundred years. It has always been just as imperative as it is now to find a consuming power equal to the producing power of industry. In the beginning of industrial production, the consumer market was perfectly obvious. It comprised originally the owning classes, those who possessed the agricultural land, the forests and the mines, in England. Their ownership gave them power to retain all of the product over and above the minimum necessary to keep the workers and their families alive. All the purchasing power for manufactured goods was centered in this economic aristocracy. The increasing productivity of the factories, however, in time raised the output beyond the needs of this class. When it did so in the case of any particular product, the obvious course was to ship the surplus production to other countries and sell it to a similar aristocracy there. Thus developed the exportation to all quarters of the globe of the products of the English factories. Thus England became "the workshop of the world."

The world market for any manufactured article is of enormous extent, but in the case of no article is it limitless. Sooner or later the exportation was bound to reach the point where it supplied all of the world's market which would return the current rate of profit. While this might have its undesirable effect upon the exporting industry, its effect upon the people who built machines for that industry was far more serious. Their only recourse was to turn to foreign markets for their own product.

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While this saved their business, it wrought increasing havoc upon the original exporting industry. For each British machine sold abroad cut off a certain portion of the market for its product. In the earlier days of such machinery export, the world market might grow with sufficient rapidity to offset such losses. But with the enormous acceleration in the installation of producing power during the last thirty years, it was inevitable that the increase in world producing capacity should far outrun the increase in consumer demand. The existence all over the world of tariff barriers, most of which can be jacked up the moment they are found ineffective, is sufficient evidence that the protected countries are amply equipped to produce a supply adequate for their own markets of many of the articles which heretofore have bulked large in the statistics of international trade.

If industry is deprived of the great expansive power of a seemingly inexhaustible consumer demand in the outer world, what then is to keep it alive and going at anything like its wonted tempo? It is this question which provokes such answers as Communism, Socialism, "planned economy," "technocracy," "abolition of the price system," and other "radical" replies. One or more of these solutions to the problem may become pertinent if the capitalistic system is too firmly wedded to its accustomed patterns of thought to devise some other solution.

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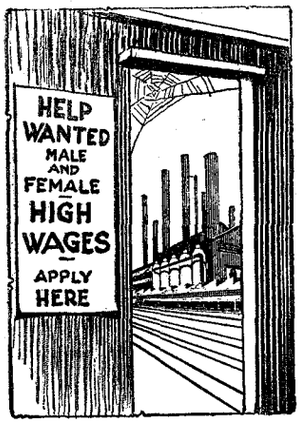
The first step in the direction of such a solution must be to shake ourselves free from the anaesthetic reiteration that this is "just another depression" and that we shall work out of it in time just as we have worked out of previous depressions. There are numerous economic ostriches who deny that the present depression calls for any special attention, merely because it is destined to end sometime. Whatever truth there is in that idea is offset by the fact that the increasing violence of the cyclical swings causes such wide-spread devastation as to necessitate corrective action even if there were no danger of a complete collapse of the economic structure.

Either way a major readjustment is necessary, but this major readjustment need not be as painful a process as the average business man seems to fear. Specifically, the problem is to find the means of keeping production and consumption in balance at the higher levels instead of periodically forcing them down to a new balance at poverty and bankruptcy levels. The production leg of our economy is wholly adequate to present needs. What we need is a consumption leg as strong and reliable—one which will not suddenly and unexpectedly crumple so that our whole national economy comes a cropper.

As is so often the case in seemingly insoluble problems, the means of solution is close at hand. The existence of what seemed to be a limitless world market during the first century of industrialism naturally held the attention of industrialists. Increases of production were primarily designed to reach new areas of that unending demand. Only a few theorists realized that each increment to the national industry brought a corresponding increment to the national consuming power. This became increasingly evident as the process of industrialization approached substantial completion in England and the bulk of the population was engaged in manufacturing industries. In America, the existence of free land until the end of the century caused a scarcity of industrial labor and correspondingly high wages in industry. The resulting development of a home market here was even more important than in England. Over half of the production of British industry sells in the home market, and 90 per cent of our own production is consumed within this country.



Half a century ago it might have been argued rather convincingly that our manufacturers made their money by selling to our farmers and that our farmers, in turn, made their profits by selling their wheat and cotton abroad. Under such circumstances, our agricultural exports contributed a vital part of our national income. Whatever validity this analysis may have had at that time, it is wholly inadequate to explain the prosperity of the post-war years. During the decade of the 1920's, our industrial exports not only greatly overshadowed our agricultural exports but out of our abundance, we put at the disposal of other nations the wherewithal to buy upwards of $15,000,000,000 worth of our exports in excess of our purchases from them. Our total production during this period was made up in rapidly increasing proportion of industrial products.

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The home market created by the distribution of the wages, salaries, and profits of industry itself has come to absorb by far the largest share of industry's own products. The foreigners' purchases in most active years hardly exceeded $5,000,000,000. Agriculture at its best never accounted for more than $6,000,000,000 worth of annual purchases from industry. With a national production of $80,000,000,000, nearly seven-eighths ($69,000,000,000) was purchased by urban residents, practically all of whom are attached to, or dependent upon, industry for their incomes.

The point which demands attention in this situation is that American industry has since the war created its own market for all but a fraction of its own output. Out of that self-created market, it has made at least a proportionate share of its profits. The question which suggests itself at once is whether it is possible for American industry profitably to extend this home market.

Recent studies of the American consumer market demonstrate beyond dispute that the great mass of goods and services consumed in this country is purchased by people with small incomes (about 75 per cent by those who have incomes of less than $5,000 a year). So preponderant is this proportion that the further conclusion is inescapable that practically all the rest of the incomes are derived from the economic activity caused by low income purchasers.

Of the smaller incomes, the great majority (probably two-thirds to three-fourths) are in the form of wages. In fact, it seems idle further to dispute the finding that, in our present economic set-up, the total body of wages is the controlling factor which makes for prosperity or

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depression. This does not mean prosperity or depression for the wage-earner alone, but prosperity or depression for all classes in the community. If the body of wages is on the 1929 level, business as a whole—rents, profits, interest, and dividends—will be on the 1929 level: if the body of wages is on the 1932 level, then business all along the line cannot rise above that level.

Thus, the "iron law of wages," which early economists devised to sustain their contention that a given amount of business could not possibly pay more than a given amount in wages, threatens to resurrect itself, under the impact of mass production and its attendant necessity for mass consumption, in a new form. In the beginnings of machine industry, wages could not rise above the general level of business. In the era of mass production and mass consumption, general business cannot rise above the level of the general body of wages.

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The customary reaction of the employer who hears higher wages mentioned under existing circumstances is perfectly understandable. But supercilious scorn obstructs his own understanding. The problem before American industrialists, the problem before all of us as beneficiaries of the national economy, is to devise a means by which consumption can be increased to the volume necessary to bring our idle producing capacity back into operation and keep it there. The most effective solution will be one which operates first and directly upon the general body of wages.

The key to the situation is not in the wages paid by any individual employer. It is perfectly obvious that an individual employer cannot raise the wages of his employees above the existing level without deliberately assuming a burden which may force him into bankruptcy. He is entirely justified in saying that such a result would not benefit his employees in the slightest. His single-handed addition to the national consuming power would be spread so thin that it would hardly be noticed, while his attempt to continue making it would crush him. Yet his business and all other businesses are dependent upon the maintenance of consumption. The individual employer cannot afford to pay higher wages, but industry in general *cannot afford not to.*

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The minimum wage is ineffective. Governmental enforcement of any wage scale is not practicable. Any such device would involve a degree of governmental interference in business which promises anything but satisfactory results. There is no reason, however, why the whole national economy should not use its instrumentality, government, to do the one thing which is essential to the well-being of that economy, but which that economy cannot otherwise accomplish. That is, to maintain the national consumption by keeping the whole body of wages at an adequate level without reference to individual rates paid by individual employers.

The first step is to assure employment to every worker according to his capacity. This means a reduction of the length of the worker's week so that all the work to be done shall be divided among all the qualified workers. This is no more than a logical extension to its natural limit of the Share-the-Work movement which industry itself has already approved, and is seeking to do.

Having thus assured work to every worker, the next step is to see that the total body of wages is sufficient to sustain a high level of consumption. Individual wage rates would be fixed exactly as they are now by individual or collective bargaining. When production is active the total body of wages so fixed is ample to sustain consumption. Under such circumstances we should have a week of—let us say—forty hours, to which we may refer as "normal." When production in a single industry falls below "normal," there is at first no serious effect upon the total body of wages. When, however, the drop spreads to several industries, the cumulative effect on the body of wages of the growing unemployment sooner or later sends us into the disastrous downward spiral.

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The most effective place to counteract this tendency is at the point of inception. A telegraph pole once raised to a vertical position can easily be kept there by three men with guide ropes attached to the top. The force required to keep it in balance is very small provided it is applied at the moment the pole starts to fall. But if it once goes over, a vastly greater force is necessary to set it up again. The economic structure can be kept in balance in exactly the same way by applying the corrective force as soon as the destructive force makes its appearance. The moment production in any individual industry falls off, the effect would be to reduce the length of the workers' week in the district in which that industry is located below our assumed "normal" of forty hours. Let us suppose the reduction was as much as 10 per cent, bringing the worker's week to thirty-six hours. Each employer's wage bill would remain the same, except in the industry which reduced production. The other industries, in order to complete their schedules in the shorter week, would take on exactly the number of men the affected industry laid off.

Thus far the effect upon the total body of wages would be the same as under our present system of laying off workers. To check the depressing influence of a reduction in the total body of wages, it is necessary right here at the beginning to replace, in part at least, the consuming power lost because of the 10 per cent reduction in time and wages. This is where the government comes in. It would be the Federal government because our markets are nationwide and so are our depressions. The United States Government would pay to each wage-earner in the affected district one-half the amount by which his wages had been reduced because of the shortening of the week from forty to thirty-six hours.

The net result of this operation would be that production in the affected district would be reduced 10 per cent, but that the contribution to consumption of that district through wages would be reduced only 5 per cent. The effective purchasing

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power for consumption goods would thus be greater in proportion to the production of the district than during "normal times." Instead of a deficit of purchasing power to be rolled on like a snowball to the rest of the country, the affected district would maintain its share of consumption in relation to the total production of the country. Never again could there be a collapse of purchasing power—a crumpling of the consumption leg of the national economy.

But who is to pay the piper for this two-legged dance? From the depths of the present depression it looks as if no conceivable sum of money could pull us back to the level of a few years ago. Fortunately, however, production and consumption tend to balance and pay for each other. If consumption falls off, production promptly follows, pushing consumption on down as it goes. If, for whatever reason, consumption gets ahead of production, production is equally ardent in its pursuit on the way up. It is not necessary therefore that the governmental fund should be large enough to pay for the whole product of our idle producing capacity. It is necessary only that it should be large enough to put consumption just ahead of current production. Industry itself, as it supplies the increased consumption demand will pay for the rest. Whenever it fails to pay enough, whenever the body of wages falls below the desired minimum, the fund will make up the deficit.

The amount needed for this purpose is surprisingly small, far less than the amounts usually suggested in plans for unemployment insurance (which would of course be rendered unnecessary); a minute fraction of the vast total which has been lost in values and business during the present depression; yes, a very small fraction of the deficits in the Federal budget—deficits which need not have occurred if consumption had been maintained at prosperity levels. So small would the amount be, in fact, that payment of one per cent on the payrolls of all employers would be ample for the purpose. From the point of view of the business man, this would be a very small premium to pay for insurance against the devastating losses of a general depression, a trifling payment for the assurance that thereafter the national economy would progress upon two sound and dependable limbs.

In the March issue of NEW OUTLOOK, *Mr. Norton will describe the method of handling a revolving fund for the maintenance of "two-legged" economy.*

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Over the Hill to Demagoguery

By David S. Barry
Sergeant-at-Arms, U. S. Senate

One of the effects of the November elections was new impetus in the movement toward demagoguery on "The Hill" in Washington. Further reference to Mr. Barry is made in *Talk of the Nation on Page 56.*

CONTRARY, PERHAPS, to the popular belief, there are not many crooks in Congress, that is, out and out grafters, or those who are willing to be such; there are not many Senators or Representatives who sell their vote for money, and it is pretty well known who those few are; but there are many demagogues of the kind that will vote for legislation solely because they think that it will help their political and social fortunes.

This is what passed the constitutional amendment providing for the popular election of Senators, it is what passed the amendment giving suffrage to women, it is what passed the prohibition amendment, and it is what has made possible the almost successful attempt to hang the bonus on the American taxpayers. There have been progressives, insurgents, and blocs in Congress for many years, but they have not been so effective as in recent years, and as they will be for sometime to come.

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Forty years ago, for instance, when the conservative Republicans were in control of the Senate and House of Representatives, when the late Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island was the suave but steel-spined boss of the United States Senate, and when his colleagues were such men as Allison of Iowa, Hale of Maine, Platt of Connecticut, Hanna and Foraker of Ohio, Spooner of Wisconsin, there were populist insurgents, and progressives who were able to make trouble, but who did not succeed in actually putting over much radical legislation because they were too few. There was Peffer and "Sockless" Jerry Simpson of Kansas, Allen of Nebraska, Butler of North Carolina, and before them, Weaver of Iowa, a Presidential candidate. They all made a big noise, but they did not accomplish much. Now, however, a large number of this class have been elected to Congress in the recent elections, and the question is, how far will they be able to go?

It is not so many years ago that the elder LaFollette embodied something of the ideas of these men by proposing that Congress have the right to veto the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. And reflecting something of this view, President-elect Roosevelt, in the course of the last campaign somewhat contemptuously, if inadvertantly and possibly without fully considering the seriousness of the question, insinuated that the Republicans in Congress now had the control of the Supreme Court. Mr. Roosevelt, probably, had no intention of going further than to refer incidently to the political situation which exists, but the reference to the Court was taken seriously enough to cause President Hoover to rap Mr. Roosevelt over the knuckles in his campaign speeches for even referring to it.

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Congress, it cannot be denied, is becoming more and more careless of the letter of the Constitution; and more than once in recent sessions of Congress the spirit, if not the precise letter, of this charter has been side-stepped in an effort to enact some legislation plainly violative of the Constitution itself.

It was the late Tim Campbell, of New York, a Tammany Congressman, who had a wide reputation as a wit although he had none in his make-up, who is popularly credited with the saying, "What's the Constitution among friends?" Tim Campbell never said it; he did not have wit enough, but many public men, in Congress and out, have said it many times since Campbell's day, and many more have recognized the point of the question by advocating, and in some cases by enacting, legislation which fifty years ago would have been regarded as an insult to the Constitution, and as a slap in the face to those who believe in respecting and upholding it.

But it is only in recent years that really pertinent questions have come up for discussion and action in Congress which have given rise to the belief that the Constitution stands in the way of the sort of radical legislation held to be for the good of the American people. In short, there are, and have been, in Congress for many years past, those who sincerely believe that it is time not only to amend but *to revise the Constitution;* and this number has, undoubtedly, been greatly increased as a result of the elections of last November.

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There are in Congress to-day, and will be, undoubtedly, for many years to come, a powerful and influential group of businessmen and conservatives, but the great mass of the Senators and Representatives will be inexperienced men, voted into office by the radical elements of the electorate which is eager for any kind of a change which promises to lift them out of the depression; and the efforts of the conservatives in both parties to hold these wild ones down to sane and sensible legislation, of a kind that may be depended upon to give all classes the kind of relief that will be wholesome and beneficial to them, must of necessity be unremitting.

When Senator Aldrich was in virtual control of legislation in Washington, and, naturally influential in the Republican administration, with which he served, it was

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his sincere belief, concurred in by many of his colleagues and associates, that the masses of the people were not capable of suggesting legislation, because they really did not know what was best for them. He felt that they advocated reforms which would be no improvement on the laws as they stood, and that in the end they would defeat their own purpose. The class of men, however, who felt that way, have now largely been retired from the scene of action. There are a few of them left, it is true, but they are now too few in number to make their influence readily felt, and the so-called leaders in Congress, who uphold their beliefs, are prepared to sit back and give those who have been elected as the representatives of the masses of the people a chance to take the bridle in their teeth and run things for a while to suit themselves.

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There will be iittle opportunity in the Congresses of the near future for the "conservative" group, as those are called who believe in, and are willing to serve, Big Business. It will be the reign of the people for a time, and if Senator Aldrich and those who believed with him were right, the so-called leaders in Congress, some of whom are only mildly radical, will not be able to lead very far, or to accomplish much. It will be up to President-elect Roosevelt to hold the most radical of the committee chairmen in both Senate and House of Representatives in check, and to see to it that the ill-considered, unbaked legislative propositions of the fanatical shall be controlled.

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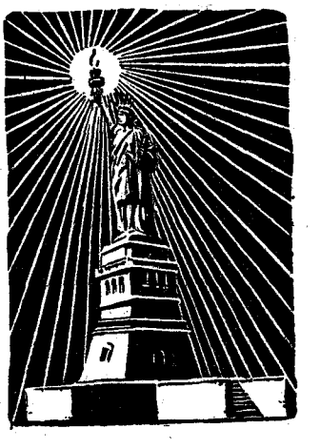
The committees of Congress are, of course, the places where legislation is really perfected. The rank and file of the parties in either House have little direct influence upon legislative measures after they emerge from the committees where they originate and whence they appear on the floor of the Senate and House. So far as the Senate is concerned the Republicans have been only nominally in control for several years. There have been radical Senators as chairmen of some of the most important committees, but even so, there have been enough conservatives or, as they have been known, administration Senators, because they followed the lead of President Hoover, to keep the majority of the radical bills in committee pigeon holes.

In the days of Aldrich it was quite possible to frame, and to enact legislation, to put through executive nominations, and to give direction to the entire policy of Congress without ever consulting any except the conservative class. It may be that in those days there were too many men who knowingly, or all unwittingly, were representing great business interests.

This condition was well illustrated by an incident which occurred on an occasion when there was a vacancy to be filled in the Republican membership on the Committee on Finance, and when a tally was being made that would indicate the number of votes that could be depended upon to put over a certain bill. The chairmen, with his lieutenants, one of whom was the late Senator Murray Crane of Massachusetts, was going over the names of the committee members and finally suggested for the vacancy a Republican Senator from the west who was deeply interested financially and otherwise in the copper industry. He was put down by the chairman as ready to vote "yea," and one of the Senators was unsophisticated enough to inquire whence the knowledge that he would vote that way as he had not been in Washington—and no one had ever seen him.



"We did not have to ask him," said the smiling boss in his suave and simple manner; "we know what the Amalgamated Copper Company wants, and that is sufficient."

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The real cause of the failure of the Republicans in the Senate to enact certain legislation in line with the policies of President Hoover is due, of course, to the fact that for the past few years they have been only nominally in control of the Senate. They had a majority on paper, but owing to the large number of progressives or insurgent Senators who were able at any time to upset their plans by coöperating with the Democratic minority, it was impossible for them to unite on any plans and policies of legislation that they could be certain of enacting. Party lines in the Senate have been largely ignored for sometime, but of course, after the fourth of March the Democrats will be in full control without being under obligations to consult any Senators not in their own party.

But while in full control, the Democrats will have their troubles as will readily be seen when account is taken of some of the events of the last session. Senator Robinson, of Arkansas, is the duly elected Democratic leader of the Senate. He has been a forceful, broad-minded, and popular leader, but he was probably unprepared for the party split that arose in the closing days of the session by the unprecedented attack upon his leadership, made in open Senate, by a Democratic Senator, Huey Long of Louisiana. Mr. Robinson was plainly taken by surprise but never replied to Mr. Long who subsequently repeated his attack, to the astonishment of the Senate. Whatever Mr. Long's standing as a Democratic Senator may be, he is certainly a fluent and forceful speaker. He came down to the front row of the Democratic side, and in his usual vigorous manner, called the attention of the Senate, and the country, to the serious handicap under which the Democratic party was laboring, because their leadership in the Senate had been committed to a Democrat who represented, not the kind of people who make up the rank and file of the Democratic party, but more the interests of great business. He then proceeded to prove this assertion by reading a list of clients that the law firm, of which Mr. Robinson is the head, were the regular retained attorneys; and the Senate was still more astonished. Mr. Long declined, moreover, to accept the committee assignments given to him by the Democratic caucus, and has since served on no committees.

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Mr. Robinson made no reply, although many of his colleagues were not surprised that he did not do so, and later, after the adjournment of the session of the Senate, Mr. Long championed the cause of Mrs. Caraway for the Arkansas Senatorship; and later he made the picturesque and forceful campaign in Arkansas for her, which ended in an easy victory. Mr. Robinson announced later a re-arrangement of his law office connections.

The echoes of that attack upon the Democratic leader in the Senate and the subsequent campaign in the State of Arkansas will probably be heard throughout the coming session of Congress, and what effect it will have upon the career of Mr. Robinson, who is popular on both sides of the Senate chamber, remains to be seen.

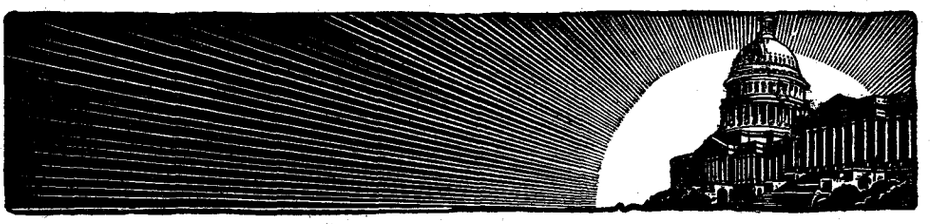
It matters little now, in view of the results of the recent election, that a later burst of party independence was voiced in a similar way by a similar attack upon the Republican leader, Mr. Watson of Indiana, and one that has, perhaps no counterpart, in legislative annals. As Mr. Watson was defeated for re-election in the overwhelming vote for President-elect Roosevelt and the balance of the Democratic ticket in the State of Indiana, he may choose to forget the incident in the Senate, and to look upon it all as an incident in the fortunes of war.

It was on the last day of the last session of Congress, and Mr. Couzens had been for many weeks opposing the passage of the Home Loan Bank bill, and had supposed with good reason, he thought, that the Republican leader, Mr. Watson, was with him in his opposition. But as a matter of fact, toward the end of the struggle for the passage of the bill it developed that Mr. Watson was a strong champion of it. Finally, after it had been passed, it was found that no appropriation had been made to carry out its provisions, and so in the closing hours of the last day an effort was made to provide for this oversight. The late Senator Jones of Washington, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, after a series of conferences, quietly moved to take up a bill that had already passed the House and been reported favorably by the Senate committee, "To provide for the closing of a portion of Virginia Avenue, S.E., and for other purposes." Then it was that Mr. Couzens, after expressing the opinion that, "when the country knows the type of leadership we have had on this side of the aisle, when that permeates in Indiana, I am quite satisfied with what the Democrats will do with the Senator from Indiana." Then he said he resented the kind of tactics that had been employed in the passage of the measure and said, "I want to say to the Senator from Indiana that if he thinks he has made any progress, politically, or as a leader of the Senate, by resorting to these tricks, then he is very much mistaken."

Here Vice President Curtis intervened to say that a Senator cannot accuse another Senator of resorting to tricks, and was asked by Mr. Couzens to define the word "trick." On the chairman's declining to decide the question for him, he declared that the use of the word "trick" is not a violation of the rule unless he could be told what the definition of the word is, and declared that he would stay within the rules, but that he would have the Senate pass upon them, and not the Vice President.

Mr. Couzens then proceeded with his attack upon the Indiana Senator and charged that during all the period of time that the Senator from Indiana was chairman of the sub-committee, there was delay, delay, delay, for month after month, and no effort was made even to get the bill out of the committee, until the last few days of the session, and that suddenly he became its leading advocate. After a further exchange of compliments, and after Mr. Couzens had made the remark in warning to Watson that, "If he believes that he is making any progress by endorsing, as leader, this type of legislation and this manner of doing things, he will find that he makes no progress here or elsewhere," the subject was allowed to drop. The appropriation was made as an amendment to the bill to close a portion of Virginia Avenue.

Such incidents as these illustrate the bitterness of feeling existing even among party associates on both sides of the Senate chamber. They give an idea of the kind of "harmony" that may be expected in the coming session, if, indeed, all personal feeling has not been wiped out by the overwhelming defeat of the Republican Party and the large number of its leading Senators, including Mr. Watson, and their retirement into a hopeless minority in the Senate, and the passing of control there as elsewhere, to the Democrats.



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Experiment on Sixth Avenue

By Cy Caldwell

"The Experiment on Sixth Avenue" is one unit in the Rockefeller Center project, perhaps the most ambitious development of its kind ever undertaken in New York City, and one of the most important projects begun in the late New Era which had to be finished in the depression. The dramatic critic of NEW OUTLOOK, *who attended the opening performance of Radio City Music Hall, presents the reasons behind the popular Broadway belief that this initial effort represents the great theatrical flop of many seasons.*

"THE ASPIRATIONS OF A LIFETIME are fulfilled with the opening of these two great theatres. . . . Within these gates may you find peace, and gaiety, and inspiration. To this end my associates and I pledge our ardent service. Welcome!"

This paragraph on the first page of the souvenir program of Radio City Music Hall was signed "Roxy." After the long inaugural performance had lumbered to an end, Roxy himself appeared, a small pathetic figure against the background of the huge contour curtain. *"Good night,"* he said. "Pleasant dreams and God bless you."

Mr. Rockefeller, who paid for it all, and who in a sense is acting as theatrical angel to the world's largest collection of chorus girls and ballet dancers, said nothing. But if he had voiced his thoughts, I wonder if he would have groaned, "God help us!" It seems likely.

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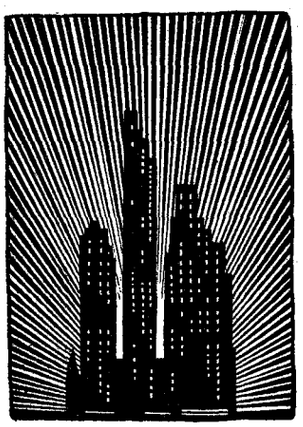
But what is this vast thing, vociferously announced by the trumpets of press agentry, that Samuel L. Rothafel and Mr. Rockefeller have constructed and now display for the edification and inspiration of a disillusioned world? Well, to this tiny human atom who with 6,199 other atoms comprised the audience at the opening performance, it appears that they have on their hands the biggest, grandest and most expensive white elephant in the world. And as the years roll on it seems to me that whenever they meet they will gaze at each other and mutter, "What in hell are we going to do with it, anyhow?" You may object that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., doesn't swear. I think he will. Just give him time.



However, there is one hopeful element, the third personage in this new theatrical team. He is Merlin H. Aylesworth, president of Radio-Keith-Orpheum, to whom Roxy presented his ideas. According to the program, "The vision of that far-seeing man caught fire at once. With Owen D. Young and David Sarnoff, he brought the plan to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who perceived its brilliance and promised his coöperation."

Not for nothing, perhaps, was Merlin named after the famous enchanter and counselor of Arthurian romance. Clearly, the services of an enchanter are needed; Merlin may be that magician.

If you have read Mr. Aylesworth's press releases announcing the closing of the opening production after a two weeks' run, and recall that the first week's business grossed $112,000, you may wonder why the humble occupant of Seat No. B 112, Aisle C, (to distinguish me from the 6,199 other members of that first night audience) should view with such dire forebodings the continued success of this undertaking. The answer is that unless the occupant of B 112, Aisle C, is very much mistaken, success is a physical and financial impossibility. Failing a happy outcome to any incantations that Merlin may perform, Radio City Music Hall is a flop.

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That it is a flop may not be financially apparent for some time to come. New York is a very large city, filled with very curious people. They come of a long line of persistent lookers. They will look with interest at anything, from a steam shovel at work to a line of unemployed men awaiting a handout from the advertising truck of a newspaper. At the moment there are no steam shovels to watch, and the macabre thrill of staring at suffering in a line has begun to pall. They may go *en masse* to look at the Music Hall.

And it is worth seeing, there is no doubt about that. It is the grandest, the largest, the most beautiful, and the most useless theatre I have ever seen. I saw it for nothing, but I would cheerfully pay whatever the owner demanded merely to look at it, for the thrill is worth the money. At 75 cents you can't afford not to see Niagara Falls, the Grand Canyon, or Radio City Music Hall. Everyone went to see the old Hippodrome in the days of its glory. Doubtless they will visit the Music Hall as it follows its obvious destiny along paths pursued by its older pal down the avenue numbered Sixth.

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But when you have seen the theatre itself, you will have had your money's worth, and probably will be satisfied not to go again. The reason for this is that the theatre is simply too big. It is too long and too wide. That's all that is wrong with it, but it is enough to dwarf or distort any show that is put upon its immense stage. From all of the back rows of the auditorium, say the last twenty, and from the three mezzanines, the performers on the stage look like midgets; their features are quite indistinguishable. Even a ballet number composed of 100 girls in billowing white looked like little

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animated puff balls bouncing about on tiny legs.

From the nearer seats in the auditorium the performers still looked considerably less than normal size because of the dwarfing effect of the proscenium arch towering sixty feet above them, and of the stage with its spread of 144 feet and depth of 80 feet. It was amazing how far away 100 young women appeared even from a seat well forward. And when viewed from a mezzanine and the back of the theatre, as I also viewed them, for I roamed around for that purpose, they almost vanished from my sight. Dr. Rockwell, doing his quack-quack solo before the immense curtain, looked as tiny as one of the germs he was so amusingly discussing.

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An especially disconcerting effect is noticeable from the front seats: you can't see the whole show at the same time. The eye simply will not encompass it. Possibly a cross-eyed man could absorb 144 feet of stage and the people on it; but if you're a man of normal vision you find yourself baffled. Endeavoring to take it all in, you set your eyes to swivelling back and forth; you sweep the stage as the searchlights swept the skies over London looking for air raiders during the war. After a while you give up and shut your eyes to rest them.

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As this is being written, the closing of the inaugural stage show has been announced. The new policy calls for motion pictures with a stage show, probably with huge ballet numbers, singing and dancing choruses, masses of people. That will be an improvement on the original policy—in fact, almost anything would be an improvement on that. But it still won't work well. They can change the policy, but they can't very well change the size of the theatre. They might build another theatre inside of this one, and then tear down the outside tabernacle. That is a possibility. But that anyone can see a good show inside the present theatre is physically impossible; the human eye isn't up to it.

Even the movies will show to disadvantage in that great cavern. If they use a standard size screen, it will be all right for the people down front, but it will look like a postage stamp to those at the back. If they increase the size of the screen so that the picture will seem of normal size to those at the rear, then the people up front will be staring in amazement at screen giants. What is needed perhaps is an issue of telescopes for the lads in the back rows, or reducing glasses for those down front. Right there is a problem for Merlin to wave his wand over and see what comes of it.

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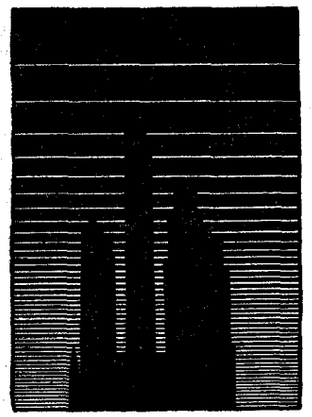
Now, that the public, including the occupant of B 112, Aisle C, didn't know all this until they sat down to be stunned on the opening night is not surprising. Nor is it strange that neither Mr. Rockefeller nor Mr. Young, nor even Mr. Aylesworth with his vision didn't know it. But that Roxy, with all his years in show business, didn't know it in advance is simply astounding. So astounding that I am hurled back to that invaluable program for enlightenment.



There I learn that, "The first view of the immense proscenium is enormously exciting. Unlike the conventional rectangular proscenium opening, it is a strikingly beautiful arc, rising to a height of 60 feet above the stage. Its rays of light and color represent a stylized sunrise, an idea conceived by Roxy while standing on a ship's deck at dawn." It fails to add whether the ship was going ahead or astern. My own guess is that the ship was backing up, and that Roxy was going backward with it. Certainly, the stage show supports this suspicion, for in conception, if not in execution, it was of the past, and atavistic.

It is worth reviewing here briefly the opening show, not for its own sake but because it sheds a strange and vastly illuminating light on the man who could put it on. It was an amazing hugger-mugger, probably the oddest show that any modern audience has seen. It had grand opera, ballets, choruses, a night club revel, a minstrel show, acrobats, choric dancers, a risley act, Francis Scott Key getting his inspiration for the National Anthem, a comedy step dancer, two fat imitators from radio, De Wolf Hopper, the Tuskegee Choir bathed in steam, and Dr. Rockwell, a comic who discoursed on the human skeleton, represented by a hatrack with a dozen coat hangers for ribs, with canes and umbrellas and shoes for feet and legs. Dr. Rockwell with his medical deliriums was no crazier than the show as a whole but he was rather more enjoyable.

The whole thing ran, or a better word would be hobbled, for four hours, when it finally passed away; then Roxy said "God bless you," and everyone else said, "Thank God that's over!"

In a theatre of reasonable proportions, with the show cut drastically, with dull numbers eliminated and the whole rambling weary thing tightened up, it would have been a good, even an excellent variety entertainment. But it still would have been a classic example of a form of show business that is moribund to-day. In essence, it was two things: the huge spectacle of old Hippodrome days, and vaudeville, incongruously mixed. To-day the Hippodrome spectacle is dead, and vaudeville, as such, is dying. True, we have the stage presentations of the movie cathedrals, and we have vaudeville acts as part of such stage shows. But these things are only a portion of the whole entertainment, which depends upon the motion picture for the other part.

The reason for this is not hard to discover. Both the Hippodrome type of spectacle and vaudeville are definitely eye and ear entertainment; they make no appeal to the mind. And modern audiences demand that some appeal, even a slight and flimsy one, should be made to the mind. This the movie makes—more or less. Usually less. But a better class motion picture does make some mental appeal, does give the mind some little problem to think about, even though it be a standardized

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problem that has been solved numberless times before.

Every showman in New York purveying mass entertainment probably recognizes the truth of the two paragraphs above. Then how is it that Roxy failed to do so? That is possibly what Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Aylesworth are wondering. Unless they have puzzled out an answer for themselves, and are content with it, they might be interested in a theory held by the former occupant of Seat B 112, Aisle C, and points West.

My theory is that Roxy was merely staggering along, under a delusion that most of us had discarded some time during the late Hoover Era. This delusion is that success, American style, consists of doing everything bigger and more expensively. What you do, and how you do it matters less than how big you make it and how much it costs. If it's so big that you can't see it and so expensive that nobody can pay for it, then it must be a superb effort that will generate enough steam by its mere mass to hoist itself, and you along with it, to heights never before scaled by man. That this has been the Roxy theory a brief examination of his history will go far to confirm.

He was born some fifty years ago in Stillwater, Minn., and at the age of twelve came to New York, certainly a bigger if not a better place, to be cash boy in a department store. Twenty-five years ago he rented 200 chairs from an undertaker, placed them in a store in Forest City, Pa., and started his first movie. After a time he went to Minneapolis, opened a bigger movie, then went to Milwaukee and a larger house; and in 1913 came back to New York and the Regent Theatre in upper Manhattan. With the opening of the Strand he was launched on his big time career, moving successively to the Rialto, the Rivoli, the Capitol and then to the Roxy, getting bigger and better and more expensive all the time. There seemed no end to it, this entreprenuer from Stillwater moving on to adorn more and more expensive fields.

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And he did adorn them, there is no doubt about that. His success was not founded upon size and cost alone; it was founded upon shrewd showmanship, from his training of ushers, his use of publicity and display, of lights, of massing people on stages, down to the "God bless you," of his radio advertising programs. Roxy had style and quality in addition to size. But, I am convinced, it was size, it was bigness which impressed him most—and finally betrayed him. If that is not so, then how explain this amazing, this almost unbelievable fiasco? How else explain his crowning achievement, this vast mausoleum where the world's largest show could die and be buried, along with Grant's Tomb and the entire Battle of Richmond with original cast?

Then, too, the poor man fell among dangerous company. Already impressed with the desirability of bigness, he got mixed up with the head of the world's biggest broadcasting company, a magician in his own right and name, whose hirelings nightly entertained or bored countless millions of people who, at his lightest word, dashed off to buy billions of tubes of tooth paste, millions of gallons of mouth wash. As though this wasn't enough to sink him, the unfortunate Roxy was thrown against the directing head of the world's largest electrical trust, and then hurled into the company of one of the world's richest and most righteous men. That the whole thing was too much for him is evident. Shrieking, "Bigger, and better, and more expensive!" he dropped into the pitfall that Fate had dug for him, and dragged the others in with him.

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Glancing at my program again, I see that, "Two hundred thousand tons of earth were excavated to make way for the theatre's foundations." How Roxy must have admired that huge hole made by the removal of 200,000 tons—tons, not pounds—of earth. It was the biggest and the most expensive hole in the world, dug in the most expensive island in the world. Colossal!

"Over 11,000 tons of steel, 9,600 tons of brick, went into their massive bodies." Quite so. But what has all that to do with entertainment? Unfortunately, very little. But Roxy must have thought it mattered because he mentions it in the program prepared under his personal direction, and tells us proudly, that "Radio City Music Hall, with its 6,200 seats, is the largest theatre in the world." There isn't a doubt of it.

Well, so much for the thing itself; so much for Roxy and his new gang. As to where they are physically (fianancially and aesthetically they're about nowhere) but physically they're on Sixth Avenue, between 50th, and 51st. Streets. It is not a pretty neighborhood. A rattley and creaky old elevated line mars the beauty of Sixth Avenue, which is scarred still further in those blocks by an unsightly assortment of cheap restaurants, cheap jewelry and gimcrack shops, cheap auction rooms, shooting galleries with walk-up lodgings above them, and employment agencies.

It's a slattern and down-at-heel old drab of a street, is Sixth Avenue. It seems far from the milling thousands of Broadway, very out of the way of pleasure-seeking traffic, although it is distant only two blocks. But it is not so much a matter of distance as it is of difference. Sixth Avenue is distinguished by a certain crumminess all its own, by a physical repulsiveness that the shining lights of Radio City serve lavishly to accentuate and throw into sharper relief.

Only a little way down Sixth Avenue squats the grimy and bedraggled old Hippodrome, once the pride of New York, once somebody's aspiration of a lifetime. It was the biggest, the best, the most expensive show shop of its day. It started off with the biggest spectacles in the world, and it ended with movies. But it took years and years for the Hippodrome to descend to movies. Radio City Music Hall got down to them in only two weeks.

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Economic War Reports

Compiled by Edward H. Collins

American Front

So far as the United States is concerned, the chief developments of the past month have been, not in business and trade, which have followed more or less normal seasonal lines, but in the politico-economic field. They have included a waning prospect for balancing the budget at this session of Congress; a renewed agitation in less responsible quarters for some kind of inflation; and a quickened general interest in the forthcoming World Economic Conference.

The rejection by President-elect Roosevelt of the sales tax probably dealt the final blow to hopes for a balanced budget, though it would be unfair to say he was alone to blame for the debacle. The present "lame duck" session of Congress recognizes no leadership, and has degenerated into little more than a debating society. Nothing constructive is expected of it, and if it adjourns without having done any serious damage probably most people will be satisfied.

The urgent demand for issues of fiat money and silver remonetization comes from the same old money quacks as it always has—the Pittmans, the Wheelers, the Patmans, and the Rankins—and is, as always, conspicuous chiefly for the complete ignorance on monetary matters of those who give voice to it. Inflation is not an immediate threat, but the current agitation is a forceful reminder of the importance of a balanced budget. What few people appreciate is the close interrelationship between an unbalanced budget and tinkering with the currency. So long as the budget is unbalanced we may expect the monetary inflationists to obtain more than their legitimate share of public attention.

Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, British Treasury expert, outlined at Geneva on January 9 the basic conditions essential to a return on the part of Great Britain to gold. They are, he is reported to have said, a settlement of the war debts, provisions for safeguarding the gold standard along the lines recommended by the Gold Delegation of the League of Nations, and tariff reduction. The best informed commentators here are inclined to have the feeling that, in the first place, London in laying down such terms is setting a price on something which she will, and must, inevitably do anyway for her own advantage; second, that nothing is to be gained, either by Great Britain, or the world at large, by her return to gold unless her balance of payments and price levels assure that she will be able to remain there permanently.

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Italian Front

In letting it become known that an economic union with Albania has been under consideration, Italy has cast a bombshell into the European economic war. Fearful of losing trade, Yugoslavia has protested to Great Britain about the proposed union, and in France the news has caused "considerable concern." The four-power treaty of 1921 gives Italy special responsibilities in Albania, but the rest of Europe is opposed to seeing Italy use this treaty for further economic advantage in Albania. Keenly appreciative of the value of a large volume of foreign trade, the Italian government and industry have been busily trying to build up exports. An Italian electrical concern has bid for a contract to electrify certain railroads in Brazil, offering to accept in part payment a quantity of coffee. While the Italian public debt is 12,200,000,000 lire higher than it was in 1927, the budget deficit during the current fiscal year is being cut down from 4,274,000 to 1,054,000,000 lire. An unfavorable factor is the prospective loss of cotton fabrics trade to India as a result of the Ottawa agreement, but it is proposed to cut Italian imports from India a corresponding amount.

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French Front

The United States is finding itself more and more isolated from the main currents of foreign trade. Trade agreements are being negotiated right and left, but the United States is not party to them. Early in the new year France announced quota restrictions for imports from the United States in the first three months, and in several instances importations from this country were shut off completely and in others quotas were reduced sharply. The negotiations for a commercial treaty with the United States have been dropped until after the Roosevelt Administration takes office. On the other hand, a Franco-Italian trade convention is virtually agreed on similar to the Franco-Belgian agreement of last year; a new flexible tariff agreement has been arranged with Germany, and discussions are under way for enlarging the exchange of goods between France and Canada—partly at the expense, of course, of the United States. Two weeks after France refused to make a $19,000,000 war debt payment to this country, the French parliament voted, 144 to 68, to give the government guarantee to a $14,000,000 loan to Austria. One effect of the loan will be to put farther into the future the date when Germany and Austria can effect an anschluss.

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British Front

The United States has been made to feel again the disadvantage of sterling's being off gold, a condition which the British say is attributable partly to this country's war debt and tariff policies. When Drug Incorporated, the largest American drug chain, tried to sell its investment in Boots Pure Drug to a British banking syndicate, the British Treasury declined to sanction the deal, out of fear that the pound would be weakened as the proceeds of the sale were being converted into dollars. The Treasury, however, has lifted the restrictions on flotations of domestic capital issues. The sterling group of currencies now includes the South African pound, which has left gold, thereby emphasizing again the fact that world currencies are now divided

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into two classes, gold and non-gold. The lot of the Dominions is better. India expects to export 40 per cent more cotton than a year ago. The New South Wales deficit is being reduced to £4,350,000 this year from £14,227,844 a year ago. Australia's foreign trade turnover is larger, exports particularly being better. Canada continues to be the most active of the Dominions in attempting to build up its foreign trade at the expense of the gold countries. Besides negotiating a new trade treaty with France, Canada has concluded a new arrangement with Germany by which Canada is given most-favored-nation treatment, and discussions have been held of barter arrangements between Canada and Russia. The Ottawa trade pacts are bringing about freer trade and generally lower tariffs than most people had thought possible.

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German Front

The year 1932 was an important one in the German Reich for the fact that it brought the first distinct indication of business recovery in more than five years. The turning point, so far as production was concerned, came at the beginning of the final third of the year. It had been preceded by the orthodox rise in the security markets, which began at the end of 1931. The developments accounted, in the main, for the modest, but none the less genuine, improvement. They were the Lausanne agreement of July 7, which to all intents and purposes terminated reparations, and to the Government's economic program for combating unemployment, which was formally promulgated September 5. Although the von Papen program has by no means fulfilled the expectations of its originators, it has acted to slow down the autumn rise in unemployment. Germany's principal unsolved problems include the following: (1) how to abolish foreign exchange restrictions and thus restore a free international capital market; (2) how to meet the budgetary problems of the municipalities, on which an increasing proportion of unemployment doles has been thrown recently, and whose deficits amount to 1,000,000,000 rm.; and (3) how to raise new capital for industry when two-thirds of the industrial concerns whose securities are listed on the Boerse cannot pay common dividends.

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Latin American Sector

Perhaps the most encouraging news from South America in many months has come during the past month with the announcement, officially confirmed, that the Republic of Colombia has resumed purchases for the sinking fund of its dollar loans in the New York bond market. This apparently insignificant item confirms reports that, barring the need for heavy expenditures in a conflict with Peru, Colombia has turned the corner in the economic crisis and is showing gradual signs of recovery. Colombia's favorable balance of payments, a marked expansion in the gold mining industry there, and a relatively satisfactory budget position are perhaps the harbingers of economic stabilization on a new level in Latin America. Perhaps the most anxious situation in the lands south of us is at our own door in Cuba, where the Machado regime has recently made, thanks to Herculean efforts, extraordinarily heavy foreign debt payments in spite of the decline in that country's tourist trade and the prostration of the sugar industry. It remains to be seen whether the severe military administration now prevailing there can hold the impoverished population in line much longer. A drastic dictatorship, supported by Cuba's foreign creditors and apparently by Washington, is ruling the country with an iron hand.

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Russian Front

Whether or not the Russian Five-Year Plan, which ended December 31, 1932, was, or was not, a success depends, apparently upon what one expected of it. The long awaited review of Joseph Stalin was made public on January 7, and proved a glowing and enthusiastic document. M. Stalin asserted that 93.7 per cent of the industrial program had been carried out, and that the lag of 6.3 per cent was due to the unwillingness of neighboring countries to conclude non-aggression treaties, and to the war danger generally, which had diverted a good deal of labor to the munitions industries. He declared that the coming months would be marked by a strong policy toward full socialism, with no compromise with capital. Others possibly less interested than M. Stalin, on the other hand, contend that the latter touches too lightly on the agricultural phase of the plan, which has been an almost complete failure. The profit-motive, it is pointed out, has been restored to the farmers and artisans, and probably will be restored to other groups. Efforts to "foster world revolution," a cardinal point in Soviet policy, it is insisted, have also fallen on barren ground. Great Britain's latest flurry with the Russian Government, resulting from the termination of the trade agreement between the two countries, following the signing of the Ottawa pact, has apparently subsided, and negotiations for a new treaty are expected to be started without delay.

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Oriental Front

Japan is one country that begins 1933 in the midst of a minor boom. Domestic trade is being stimulated by the demand for war supplies, while foreign trade has been given a hypodermic in the form of a collapse in the yen from 50 cents to around 20 cents. The unfavorable trade balance was reduced from 79,000,000 yen in 1931 to about 23,000,000 for 1932. Thus far only the advantages of abandonment of the gold standard have been felt, but trained financial observers throughout the country are already warning of the inevitable coming of the second stage of currency devaluation, the stage of rising prices and production costs. The Governor of the Bank of Japan, Hisaakira Hijikata, referring to the improvement in trade, warns that "the distribution of Government funds will increase, and commodity prices will rise, disturbing the national economy and injuring export trade." Loss of her new-found markets in 1933 is predicted for Japan by Manzo Kushida, chairman of the Mitsubishi Bank, who points out that "regardless of our hopes, Japan cannot avert currency inflation in 1933." Even more gloomy is an editorial in the newspaper *Asahi*, which declares, "A reaction will come which will shake the country's economic foundation. An inflation boom, once started, must be kept going at all costs, and the ultimate results will be ruinous."

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To See or Not to See

By Cy Caldwell

20th Century

Play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Presented by George Abbott and Philip Dunning at the Broadhurst Theatre

Setting out from Chicago aboard the Twentieth Century Limited for New York, we have a group of semi-humans almost though not quite as mad as a flock of Lame Duck Congressmen bound for Washington on the Congressional Limited, a train in which, rumor hath it, all staterooms reserved for politicians are carefully padded by a thoughtful railroad. As the 20th Century madly roars and whistles its way through the night, one side of Cirker and Robbins interesting Pullman Observation car is drawn back, affording glimpses into the lives of a comic pair of Mann Act violators, a celebrated actress with her gigolo and her maid, a famous Broadway producer with his manager and press agent, two Passion Play discards complete with whiskers, and another passenger who is officially recognized as being insane. The producer is on his uppers and can be saved from financial disaster only by the actress' signature on a contract, the procuring of which affords a hilarious and fast moving burlesque on the show business that you would be well advised to see. It is uproariously funny, a satirical and almost hysterical delight from start to finish. The cast is perfect, and the direction by George Abbott brings out their dashing best. Eugenie Leontovich, Moffat Johnston, William Frawley, Matt Briggs, and the other capable players couldn't be better and couldn't be more happily cast in this laugh hit that leaves you thoroughly and merrily satisfied when the 20th Century pants exhausted into Grand Central.

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The Emperor Jones

American opera after the play by Eugene O'Neill. Text adapted and music composed by Louis Gruenberg. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Lacking a knowledge of music, and too honest to pretend by copy-catting the music critics, I'll simply report that if you want to see the only real good melodrama in New York you'll have to go to the Metropolitan Opera House and see and hear Lawrence Tibbett in The Emperor Jones. For here is melodrama at its thrilling best, nothing diluted and little changed from the great O'Neill play. We see Jones, ex-pullman porter, crap-shooter, murderer, and fugitive from a chain gang in all his braggadocio as Emperor of a West Indian island; then, when his savage subjects rebel, we see him in flight through Jo Mielziner's fantastic tropical settings, shooting at the ghosts of murdered men with which his angushed mind has peopled the jungle—Jeff the crap-shooter, the prison guard, the auctioneer. Run down at last by the natives, Jones kills himself with a silver bullet. Lawrence Tibbett acts the part splendidly. The text is half spoken, half sung, riding always clearly and distinctly above the music and the steady throb of the tom-toms, which beat faster and faster as the climax approaches. The effect of suspense is heightened and never overwhelmed by the wild chaotic music, the discordant shouts of the chorus. As drama, The Emperor Jones is thrilling, moving, entirely believable; as opera, according to Olin Downes, music critic of the *New York Times*, it "is incontestably the finest American opera that the Metropolitan has produced."

Goodbye Again

Comedy by Allan Scott and George Haight. Presented by Arthur J. Beckhard at the Theatre Masque

Of all the unrecorded comedies that have been played in Hotel Statler double bedrooms (with or without benefit of clergy or house detectives) none could have been more diverting than this one presented so expertly, so craftily, so slyly by Mr. Beckhard's delightfully right case. If it's diversion you want in these dreary days, then here's your order filled to perfection in a little farce comedy that wears just a trifle thin in spots, but is funny enough to keep you smiling and happy from the moment Osgood Perkins sits up in bed until the end when he disports himself in red pajamas on a ledge outside of his hotel window. Mr. Perkins as the lecturing novelist on a double bedroom tour with his charming secretary (Sally Bates), meets an old flame (Katherine Squire), now a Cleveland matron and wife of a manufacturer (Leslie Adams), who would be pleased to step out and leave her in the scrawny and very reluctant arms of the novelist—to whom, in their college days, she had introduced some of the gayer facts of life. It's a thoroughly entertaining and mischievous little play that I'm sure you'll enjoy. Mr. Beckhard's direction is inspired perfection, and Mr. Perkins' playing of the amorously casual novelist makes "Goodbye Again" in its quiet way just about the happiest comedy of the season.

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Podrecca's "The Piccoli"

Presented by S. Hurok at the Lyric Theatre

This is a marionette show for anyone aged three to ninety-three, and undoubtedly is the greatest comic novelty in the world, not even excluding Huey Long, or Senator Borah. These funnier-than-human puppets are worked by pulling strings, the same as Congressmen, only they are not nearly so wooden. In fact, there are actors treading the Broadway boards to-day who are far more wooden than are any of these delightful marionettes. Deftly manipulated by Signor Podrecca's puppeteers, with a company of singers and an orchestra, the clever manikins not merely imitate but satirize deliciously all the antics and mannerisms of human players, from the twinkling toes of the ballet dancer to the shaky tones of the coloratura soprano reaching for a high C. See the concert pianist, see that wonderful acrobat on the tightrope, see the most exciting bull-fight ever waged; see the whole amazing, delightful show which is probably the most hilarious burlesque on the human race ever presented.

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Two Strange Women

Melodrama by Edwin B. Self. Presented by A. C. Mester at the Little Theatre.

Thar was death in them thar hills of ole Kaintuck, suh; and soon enough thar doubtless will be death in them thar hills around Hollywood, suh—the same deaths, only accomplished more believably, with less obvious strivings, with fewer long and tiresome speeches, and let us hope, with no bad acting by Miss Jacqueline Logan. For here is material for a top-notch movie melo, but in its present form a rather inept exhibit for Broadway. John Daly Murphy as the corn likker soaked Jedge Whiffle was the only bright light shining through the surrounding gloom.

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Abbey Theatre Players

Presented by Alber & Wickes, Inc., by special arrangement with the Irish Free State Government, at the Martin Beck Theatre

These lovable Dubliners, a company of fourteen accomplished-to-perfection players, present a repertoire of Irish plays, every one of which is worth seeing, if not for the interest of the play itself, then certainly for the rich, salty characterizations of the players. Here are people whose artistry long since has reached a stage where it ceases to be art and becomes life itself. At least, so it seems to one who, like myself, has fallen so happily under the spell that they cast. Soon after the curtain rises you forget that you are watching players on a stage, and feel that you are living with the characters themselves in their native Ireland. It is all very wonderful, very beautiful to me. There is something of the magic of Dickens in it, this depicting of characters who should be strange to us Americans, and yet who seem more natural and understandable than living people whom we know. They are presenting The Workhouse Ward, The Playboy of the Western World, The Far-Off Hills, The Shadow of the Glen, Juno and the Paycock, Riders to the Sea, and other plays of merit. Here indeed is something worth seeing. With the Dubliners' help you may recapture some of the magic that was in the theatre many years ago when all of us were younger—a magic that has almost vanished in this hard and too realistic age.

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Foolscap

Comedy by Gennaro Curci and Eduardo Cianelli. Presented by Sheppard and Buchanan at the Times Square Theatre.

It was a grand idea to knock out playwrights Shaw and Pirandello in an automobile accident, let them regain consciousness in a nearby insane asylum, and then have them decide to remain there and collaborate on a play to be performed by the inmates, who included such celebrated characters as Shakespeare, Cleopatra, Marc Antony, Eve, Helen of Troy, Francesca da Rimini, and God. A comedy along those lines should be even more amusing than the League of Nations shadow boxing with Japan and China, with Secretary Stimson as referee. But authors seldom are as consisently funny as statesmen. After a neatly satirical first act the play loses coherence in a frantic effort to depict the mad gathering in its varied lunacies. Despite some clever and entertaining dialogue, amazingly good characterizations of Shaw and Pirandello by Frederic Worlock and Eduardo Cianelli, and excellent acting by Geoffrey Kerr as Shakespeare and Henry O'Neill as the doctor in charge, the play bogs down and flounders amid its own deliriums. At the end Shaw and Pirandello, mad themselves and mounted on the Seat of Judgment as God and St. Peter, remark, "Why can't we put on a play without actors? Even without an audience?" That last, I fear, is a possibility.

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Rasputin and the Empress

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The virtues of this ambitious photoplay are many. Chief among them is Ethel Barrymore's characterization of the Czarina. Here is no Hollywood Queen for this performance only, but the tragic Empress herself as we have imagined her to be. It is a superb portrayal. Then there is John Barrymore, playing the romantic role in which he is at his best; and Lionel Barrymore who depicts Rasputin much as that strange, almost unbelievable, character probably was in real life. And there is Ralph Morgan, perfect as the innocent, weak Czar, and Diana Wynyard as Princess Natasha. We feel that we are watching the Romanoffs themselves as they tread the paths of their destiny to that gruesome end in the revolution to which they had fallen heir, and which they never understood. The settings are remarkably good and the court atmosphere is achieved with gratifying realism. And yet, with all of these virtues, it is a heavy-handed and stuffy entertainment, a sort of dreary historical document put into melodrama that wanders about and tries to cover too much ground.

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Cavalcade

Fox Film's Picture of the Generation

Cavalcade is a magnificent achievement, a noble and inspiring photoplay, poignantly beautiful, emotionally exciting, and superbly dramatic. Having used up all of the adjectives on other excellent but yet not quite so fine cinema productions, all one may do is to haul out the old superlatives, use them again, and end by saying that Cavalcade is the grandest photoplay yet made. It presents through the life of an English mother, superbly portrayed by Diana Wynyard, a moving panorama of Britain's history from the time of the death of Queen Victoria to this present year. It is the story of a people and of a family, as seen through the eyes of the mother. Great events which sway the destinies of empire and arouse the passions of nations are to her the heart-breaking blows that batter her own little family world; and she cries out against them with the voice of mother love that is not merely English but universal. By the cinema's magic Noel Coward's play is accorded a production that no stage could give it; for on no stage could be shown the devastating sweep of history, the mad rush to death or victory of a nation at war, the flashing, dramatic, revealing glimpses of life itself. Director Frank Lloyd has produced a superb photoplay which demonstrates again that, used in its noblest manner, the cinema may achieve an eminence that no other form of artistry ever may hope to attain. Cavalcade is a brilliant triumph for the cinema.

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Honeymoon

Comedy by Samuel Chotzinoff and George Backer. Presented by Harold Stone at the Vanderbilt Theatre.

That it must be an easier matter to be a good actor than a good playwright has been demonstrated time and again, but never more noticeably than in Honeymoon, where there was good acting by good people, including Katharine Alexander, Ross Alexander, Thomas Mitchell and Joseph Spurin-Calleia. There was also some good dialogue and some excellent humor. But it was not a good play, and after all it is still true that the play's the thing. Lacking a good play, all the rest of it, well enough though it may be, was just so much lost motion. The play had many of the characteristics of a debate in Congress, though it never became nearly so dull.

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OBITUARIES

Lucrece

Perhaps you have wondered just why Miss Katharine Cornell's noble experiment with Lucrece, the noblest Roman matron of them all, was repealed so much sooner than the 18th Amendment. Well, as every school boy knows by peeking in the back of the family Shakespeare, that great playwright, who knew a plot when he saw one, used his genius to write the Rape of Lucrece as a poem, and wisely let it go at that. Yet a Monsieur André Obey with none of Shakespeare's genius but with a plodding dullness all his own imagined that he discerned a play where Shakespeare saw only a poem. So he took the idea, discarded practically all of Shakespeare's nobility of language, substituted his own uninspired words together with some simpering pantomime and sired an illegitimate that Miss Katharine Cornell adopted and tried her admirable best to raise to theatre stature. She failed because the dreary creature lacked the stuff of which good plays are made, as Shakespeare clearly perceived, or he'd have used it himself.

The net result of a magnificent theatrical production, of Miss Cornell's admirably restrained tragic style, of Brian Aherne's splendid interpretation of a horribly difficult part, of Blanche Yurka's and Robert Loraine's fine portrayal of the Narrators, and of Guthrie McClintic's capable direction was, unfortunately, merely a very boring evening. Even the rape scene was scarcely more moving than was that of the ravishing of Dr. Hoover by the Anti-Saloon League. The whole affair was over-arty, tiresome, sometimes wishy-washy, but very well done, as might be expected because these talented players could read clearly and convincingly from, say, the New York Telephone Directory. But that wouldn't be a play, and neither was Lucrece. Those who felt that they simply had to see Miss Cornell the worst way were given that opportunity.

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Late One Evening

Slim, lovely Ursula Jeans and a cast of nearly forty well-meaning people were almost entirely wasted in a very bad play composed of an odd assortment of junk that has been kicking about the theatre for years and years. Even getting it all together in one pile didn't make the collection impressive, though it was a huge heap in two acts and ten scenes. Miss Jeans is such an accomplished and charming actress that at times the absurd character she was called upon to delineate seemed almost real; and all of the others, with one exception, were better than their material. The exception was Mr. John Buckler, who resembles John Barrymore with just a dash of Westminster Abbey. He affected a sort of sliced ham English that is encountered nowhere except on the stage, and even there only when the director is napping.

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The Battle of the Sages

By Ray Perkins

DR. ROBERT A. MILLIKAN,
PASADENA, CALIF.
DEAR DOC:

Congratulations on that little argument you have been having with your former pupil Doc Compton of the U. of Chi. Physics Dept. about cosmic rays. When I was in college I took physics regularly myself; and I don't think Compton will win because I never could with my own prof, the rat. To this day I don't know what cosmic rays are made of. I don't even know what to make of them.

I would have gone to Atlantic City to hear you and Prof. Compton make your reports last month before the Amer. Ass. for the Advancement of Science, only I'm not a member. Aside from that Atlantic City is too far a walk from here and the railroads still charge a fee for remaining on a train while it is in motion, altho' you'd never think so from the balance sheets. So I missed "the battle of the sages." I understand you had the choice of weapons, and chose 4-syllable words at 20 paces.

It appears you boys differ as to hypotheses, which (in case any ignorami read this) means you have different theories. My grandfather was an expert on hypotheses, having once kept a hypothecary shop, and while he never heard of cosmic rays he sold a lot of cosmetics and probably had a theory about them. A theory is something you're not sure about, and grandfather was never sure about anything, which made him a heluva hypothecary but a good hand at mixing up hypotheses. He could probably argue with both of you boys, making it three-sided, or as Grandpop used to say the hypotheses of a triangle.

Doc Compton says that cosmic rays are nothing more nor less than electrons. Well now, pshaw! The man is prejudiced. Everybody knows that Compton is a little hipped on the subject of electrons and atoms and ions and things like that, sometimes going as far as to bring them into the house which upsets his folks considerably because you know how the darn things breed and get into the rugs and all. Life sure is full of iony for Doc Compton.

At the same time your own explanation that cosmic rays are photons, similar in nature to gamma rays from radium, leaves me cold as a rich relative's kiss. I have inquired at several high class photon galleries and they know nothing about gamma rays. Or gampa rays either. Are you sure you don't mean mama or papa rays?

This leaves us in a bit of a mess. Have you tested cosmic rays for vitamins and roughage? Have you tried the blindfold test? Have you tried at any of the neighbors? Have you tried mange cure?

In the Perkins Research Laffatories, of which I am the titter-lar head, my former pupil Dr. Willy Nilly is in charge of the whyzzit department. Prof. Nilly handles all questions pertaining to whyzzit, while I take care of anything involving whuzzit. In that way we never have any arguments and the whole field of Science is very simple. We don't tinker with cosmic rays but we do a lot of work with atoms, and Professor Nilly has succeeded in splitting one.

Nilly first tried splitting atoms with an ordinary axe, but it didn't work out very well. He was dreadfully cut up about it. Then he tried using an oyster knife, but you can't open atoms the way you do oysters. Atoms aren't any good in a stew either.

We believe the atom to be the smallest form of life in the universe with the exception of husbands who do errands for their wives in department stores. Altho' I enjoy a banana split occasionally, I personally wouldn't be bothered splitting atoms. If there aren't enough to go round, it's much easier just to get some extra ones. Between you and me atom splitting is done by the same type of person who writes Lincoln's Gettysburg address on the heads of pins.

Naturally a great deal of pother and fuss has been made about splitting anything as small as an atom, yet early in 1932 two Wall Street brokers split a commission. I am surprised no cognizance of this was taken by the scientific world at a time when brokers' commissions were so small as to be practically invisible. For that matter, a group of scientists known as the Washington D. C. (Dumb Cluck) Grouppe have been splitting hairs for years with no recognition whatever other than an occasional re-election to office.

Prof. Nilly saves every atom he can get hold of. He's an atom-miser. He even eats at the atomat. While I don't believe in that sort of thing, nevertheless, it is interesting to hear the battle cry of a full grown bull atom, uttered when he catches his mate (which is always a female or positive atom) running off with another male. When this happens, the male gets very angry and shouts "Up and Atom!" It is a very amusing sound and some day we intend to broadcast it over a nation-wide hookworm.

Electrons are all right in their way too. If you cross an atom with an electron you get a litter of molecules. In the Perkins Research Laffatories we do this on Electron Day, which fell on November 8th last year. Atoms are brown in color, but Electrons are a beautiful deep shade of black. This inspired Eugene O'Neill to write that play "Mourning Becomes Electrons."

But getting back to cosmic rays, why don't we scientists just forget all about them? Prof. Nilly and I didn't plant any cosmos last year, tho' we did have some lovely nasturtiums. We thought the eclipse was pretty good, from a scientific viewpoint, although we missed out on the hot dog concession.

Come around to our Laffatories some time, Doc, and we'll split an infinitive together. We do that too.

Yours for stronger researchlights,
RAY ("COSMIC") PERKINS.

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The Republic in the Air

By C. B. Allen

Developing and maintaining safely America's commercial air power has been made a duty of the Federal Government. How this duty is being performed and the manner of its performance is told by C. B. Allen, a New York newspaper man who is a licensed pilot and a Captain in the Army Air Corps Reserve.

RIVAL FACTIONS battle for control of a huge aviation system into which boom-time investors, large and small, poured millions of dollars; charges and counter-chargers bristle from page advertisements in the newspapers while the atmosphere is filled with the airing of dirty linen, not all of which hangs on either side of the fence. And so, a disillusioned public sits amid the sorry wreckage of the "gingerbread" era in American aeronautics, when stock-jobbing supplanted engineering development, when the merger-maniacs of Big Business sought to solve forever the problems of the industry by a species of shotgun wedlock, when factories were built and stock issues launched against a chimerical future in which the sky was to swarm with privately owned "air flivvers" and every back yard would be an airport.

Yet for all these handicaps (and the others which might be listed are legion) commercial aviation in the United States forges ahead. The dismal tide of the depression has failed to drag it down. Other modes of transportation—the railroads, the steamship lines—have reflected sharply in lost patronage the general economic slump affecting the nation and the world. American airlines, however, have scored healthy traffic gains in the lean years since 1929. As a result, the air transport operators of the country face the future with an optimism unusual in these times. They even predict really great things for themselves if business ever again turns the corner around which so many experts have assured us prosperity lurks.

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Part of this gain in business by the airlines—a 30,450 mile network of regularly flown airways now criss-crosses the United States, linking its principal cities in a swift communications system—is due to the fact that air travel rates have been reduced in recent years to about the same level as railroad-and-Pullman fares. Part, paradoxically, is due to the depression itself; salesmen, busy executives and others having discovered they can no longer afford not to fly because of the time they save and the additional territory they can cover in a given period of time by using the airplane. And still another part, fully as important as the others, may be attributed to the wise supervision and effective leadership of Colonel Clarence M. Young, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics, in the administration of America's commercial aviation.

Future progress, of course, implies the continuance of such leadership. The aviation industry, for all its magnitude, still is in a state of flux, and today's methods may be obsolete tomorrow. It must be guided without too many irksome restrictions. That certain standards of safety have to be laid down and closely adhered to is imperative, both to protect the public and to nurture its growing confidence in aviation. At the same time, it is equally essential that originality and initiative should not be stifled by a plethora of arbitrary rules and regulations. In short, it is a difficult job and a big one, requiring intelligent and sympathetic handling. To botch it would be to do irreparable harm to America's commercial aviation at one of the most promising periods in its development.

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The United States now enjoys a position of undisputed world leadership in civil and commercial aeronautics. It has more airlines, flies more passengers and uses faster planes than any of the European nations which, a few years ago, were held up as paragons in air transportation by every American apologist returning from abroad to bewail America's aerial backwardness. Even in the establishment of routes beyond its own territorial limits, this country is well out in front of its competitors, as witness the 20,000 mile network of air lines which link it with 32 other nations and colonies in the West Indies, South and Central America, and Canada.

Nor is the estate to which the industry has risen under Colonel Young's regime by any means regarded as its destined zenith. On the contrary, what has been achieved is merely considered as an auspicious beginning. Within the current year, passengers who now cruise in comfort along the nation's airways at 120 miles an hour will be streaking across the sky at an average speed of 150 miles an hour in multi-motored transports of a radically new design. Already an 18-hour air express service has been established between Los Angeles and New York. And giant planes are in the making which are expected to span both the Atlantic and the Pacific, not on the do-or-die "stunt" basis of which the world has had its fill, but regularly, safely and with a worthwhile cargo of passengers or mail.

Today one can fly comfortably from coast to coast in 24 to 30 hours, secure in the knowledge that his ship is in constant radio communication with ground stations along the route which keep the pilot informed of weather conditions ahead and eliminate all guesswork about going on, or seeking a landing. Again, under similar

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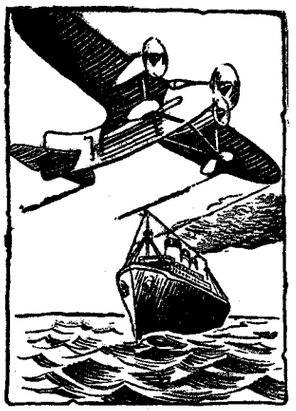

safeguards, one may fly from the United States to virtually any important city in the western hemisphere with a proportionately still greater saving in time because of the slow-moving shipping which constitutes the airplane's only rival in this field.

America stood only at the threshold of this phenomenal development in 1926 when the Air Commerce Act was passed by Congress and approved by the President who created an Aeronautics Branch in the Department of Commerce to carry out the provisions of the new legislation. The program mapped out, and since adhered to by the new bureau, consisted of three main endeavors: (a) constructive and helpful regulation; (b) establishment and maintenance of lighted and radio-equipped airways; (c) promotion of aeronautics through research, dissemination of statistics and information, fostering of airport development and compilation of airway maps. These sub-divisions of the Aeronautics Branch are now assigned to the Air Regulation Service, the Airways Division and the Aeronautic Development Service, the head of each being responsible to Colonel Young as Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics.

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Chief among the functions of the Air Regulation Service is the licensing of aircraft and airmen—the latter term including both the pilot who flies the airplane and the mechanic who sees that the plane and its motor are kept in flying trim. Pilots, to qualify for a license, are required to meet high standards of physical fitness, training and experience. They are classified as private, industrial, limited commercial and transport, only those in the last two categories being allowed to fly passengers for hire. There are two classes of mechanics' licenses —airplane and engine—though the same man may be, and frequently is, licensed in both grades.

Engineer-inspectors license aircraft in accordance with a prerequisite set of airworthiness standards which have been established by the Department. As a convenience to manufacturers, an approved type certificate is issued for any given model of airplane which meets these requirements so that each succeeding ship of this series may be licensed after establishing that it conforms rigidly to the original specifications. Field engineers re-examine all airplanes periodically and renew their licenses if they are found airworthy. Similarly, pilots and mechanics must renew their licenses at stated intervals by submitting to periodic physical examinations and establishing to the satisfaction of the inspector that they have been maintaining reasonable proficiency in their callings. All licensing service is rendered free except for the physical examinations which are given by a designated medical examiner at a fixed fee.

Other duties of the Air Regulation Service include the approval of aircraft engines and propellers, of repair stations, parachutes, flying schools and even airlines which cross state boundaries and therefore fall under Federal jurisdiction. It also formulates and enforces the Department's air traffic regulations—the flyer's all-important handbook of aerial etiquette.

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"All of these regulations are designed to enhance the safety and reliability of flying," Colonel Young says. "They do not represent the arbitrary pronouncement of government officials. On the contrary, all of them were drawn up on a practicable working basis with the co-operation of those sections of the industry involved."

The Airways Division, the paramount concern of which is to maintain and increase the safety and reliability of flying, now operates a 19,500 mile Federal airways system which eventually will be increased to a 25,000-mile network covering the principal routes followed by airmen on their journeys back and forth across the United States. All contemplated new construction in this field is held in abeyance for the present as a part of the general policy of governmental economy.

The average person probably has only the haziest idea of what constitutes an airway. Here is what a pilot will find as he flies along one of these skyroads blazed by the Department of Commerce:

1. Revolving beacon lights at 10 to 15 mile intervals.
2. Lighted intermediate landing fields so spaced that, in conjunction with regular airports of call, they make landing areas available at intervals not exceeding 50 miles.
3. Airway radio stations, for the broadcast of weather information to planes in the air and for the transmission of special and important messages bearing on the safety and reliability of flight.
4. Radio range beacons, for the transmission of radio beams which aircraft may follow and keep on course regardless of whether or not the pilot can see the ground.
5. Marker beacons, which are low-powered radio transmitters enabling fliers to locate important intermediate landing fields under conditions of poor visibility.

In addition there is a nation-wide system of teletype-writer circuits for the collection and transmission of weather information to airports and airways radio stations as well as for the transmission of weather maps, a feature recently developed by the Aeronautics Branch.

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Appropriations for this work in annually increasing amounts bear witness to Congress' realization of airway development's tremendous importance to the country. They are a cue, likewise, to Colonel Young's indefatigable efforts to keep this realization ever alive in the Congressional consciousness.

For he has labored tirelessly at Washington in the interests of the Aeronautics Branch; button-holing Congressmen and Senators in hotel lobbies, calling on them in their offices and committee rooms, preaching the gospel of world leadership for American aviation to them at dinners, luncheons and public functions. He has carried the same story to their constituents, too, making scores of appearances all over the country to tell "the folks back home" of America's status in the air, of developments under way and of hopes for the future.

On these pilgrimages about the nation Colonel Young either has used his own plane—for he is a veteran of

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the Air Service in the World War—or traveled over the regularly established airways. In this work he has put in approximately 2,000 hours in the air. In this manner he has been able to see at first hand the functioning of the Federal system set up to aid and control commercial aviation, for he is not the type of official to be content with reports from others where a little extra effort will enable him to be on the scene himself.

Nor has his course by any means been all smooth sailing. More than once during his administration of the Aeronautics Branch, various private interests have endeavored to obtain special dispensations from his department for their own selfish ends only to find themselves up against a stone wall unless they could show that the ruling sought would benefit the whole industry. Not only has Colonel Young shown the courage to refuse such requests—though they frequently have come from powerful groups—but he has demonstrated an amazing ability to "turn 'em down and make 'em like it" by converting such favor-seekers to his own point of view and convincing them that in the long run what they have asked would react to their own disadvantage.

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To get back to airways development costs under Colonel Young's regime, the successive yearly increases mentioned above are accounted for both by the system's growth and by maintenance costs which naturally go up as additional routes are put into operation. Appropriations for the current fiscal year actually show a decrease over last year of nearly a million and a half dollars but this merely reflects temporary abandonment of new construction. It has been estimated that the completed 25,000 mile Federal Airway System will represent an annual operation and maintenance cost of approximately $8,000,000.

"If there is any thought that the bill is large," Colonel Young says, "it must be remembered that the service returns to safe and efficient operation are great. The airways now link virtually all important population centers of the nation, enable aircraft to operate safely and reliably by day and night over almost all of the United States and, in addition, are an invaluable asset for national defense.

"It is seldom suggested that the United States puts too much money into marine aids such as lighthouses, radio beacons, buoys and the like. The service rendered to shipping is indispensable—it could be provided in no other way—and it pays dividends through the advantages accruing from safe and dependable water-borne traffic. The same is true of air transportation and is becoming more vital each year as air commerce steadily and rapidly increases."

Through its third main function—aeronautic development—Colonel Young's department carries on a vast amount of research and experimental work on aids to air navigation besides giving exhaustive field service tests to equipment designed for use on the airways. Outstanding among its present activities are, the development of radio range beacons and airway beacon lights; of a radio system for "blind" landing of aircraft in the fog; and of transmitting equipment permitting the simultaneous broadcast of airways weather reports and radio range beacon signals on the same carrier frequency. Another phase of this work is the dissemination of aeronautic information to the industry and the general public. Still others are coöperation with municipalities desiring to establish airports and the preparation of accurate maps for the use of airmen.

America's air mail system—both domestic and foreign—now falls almost wholly under Department of Commerce jurisdiction save for the operators' contractual relations with the Postoffice Department. The scope of the responsibility entailed is readily apparent from the fact that on December 1, 1932, this country boasted 45,273 miles of active mail airways, 25,430 miles of these being within the borders of the United States and 19,843 extending into foreign countries. Planes operating along these routes fly an average of 110,000 miles daily.

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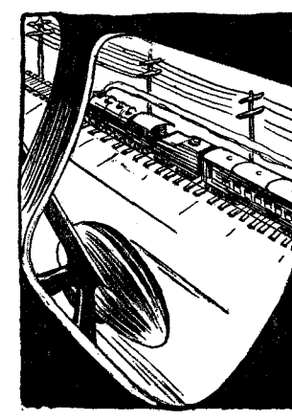
The total volume of mail carried by air has increased from 810,855 pounds in the year 1926 (when the Postoffice Department relinquished operation to private contractors) to 9,643,211 pounds in 1931 and 4,342,507 pounds as the total for the first six months of 1932. This is a far cry from the inception of air mail service in the United States, by army pilots using army planes, in May, 1918, between New York and Washington—a route that was abandoned, incidentally, because experience convinced those in charge of air mail that its only sound, business value is for the transmission of letters between cities farther apart than a night's journey by train.

Air passenger service on a really organized basis in this country may be said to date from 1926, the first year of contract air mail. In that year 5,782 passengers were carried, mostly on the West Coast and in Florida, or about one-twentieth as many as traveled on the subsidized airlines of Europe during the same period. The average fare on American airlines that year was 12 cents a mile; in 1927 it dropped to 10.6 cents but climbed during the next two years and was again at 12 cents in 1929. Nevertheless, 8,679 passengers were carried by air in 1927 and the figure jumped to 49,713 in 1928, the year which saw the beginning of the industry's reorganization with some of the largest banks and most powerful financiers as its backers and the railroads doing their best to hitch the "iron horse" to the winged chariot.

But the romance of this did not suffice to offset the financial aspects of a 12-cent fare and, in an attempt to get mass patronage, many airlines resorted to drastic cuts. Consequently the average fare in 1930 dropped to 8.3 cents a mile or about the cost level of first-class railroad travel including of course, Pullman charges. Planes were crowded immediately, and nearly all the operators standardized on low rates in 1931, the average fare dropping that year to 6.7 cents and in 1932 to about 6.3 cents. Air passenger totals climbed to 173,405 for 1929, 417,505 for 1930 and 522,345 for 1931. Complete statistics for 1932 are not yet avail-



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able but preliminary studies indicate the total will at least equal that for 1931, and probably exceed it.

Air express, though offered by the airlines from the beginning, was not especially pushed and only recently began to figure prominently in their business. This is evident by comparison of the 1926 total, 3,555 pounds, with the 257,443 pounds carried in 1929. In the next year, however, the figure jumped to 468,571 pounds, and in 1931 it had increased to 1,151,348, indications being that 1932 will show still further gains. Most of the airlines have adopted a pickup and delivery system in conjunction with telegraph or railway express companies, and have effected inter-line agreements for exchange of shipments, thus assuring continuous carriage over two or more airlines. A great variety of shipments are made, including such articles as jewelry, currency, films, baby chicks, flowers, vegetables, fruit, fish, clothing and even heavy machinery parts for which there is an emergency call.

In the field of private and miscellaneous flying, most aircraft manufacturers see boom days ahead and are busy designing craft to capture this market. They base their hopes on the fact that nearly 19,000 persons in this country are now licensed pilots while almost 9,000 student permits are outstanding. To satisfy this potential demand for ships, however, there are only 7,400 licensed planes, 600 of which are used by the airlines, and an additional 3,200 unlicensed craft bearing only identification numbers and barred from even intra-state flying by law in an increasing number of states.

From a national defense viewpoint, the licensed planes and pilots constitute a reserve that could be turned to good account in an emergency, though not, of course, for direct war service. That obviously calls for specialized training and types. The nation's airports, on the other hand, would be ready for immediate use as would 19,500 miles of Government lighted and radio-equipped airways and 15,000 miles of teletypewriter circuits. It does not require a military mind to see that this set-up, with 1,200 municipal and commercial airports (of which 700 are lighted for night operations) scattered throughout the country, would be a tremendous asset in war as it is in peace.

So much for the past and present. As to what lies ahead, listen to Colonel Young:

"The future of aeronautics doubtless will furnish as much in the way of surprises and surpass our expectations as far as development to date has done. Whatever predictions are made now are more likely to prove ultra-conservative than over-ambitious.

"It is certain that scheduled services will be operated across the Atlantic and the Pacific. More or less definite plans to that end already have been announced both for lighter and heavier-than-air craft and the South Atlantic crossings of the Graf Zeppelin in the past year have been, in effect a scheduled service, though but a single ship was used.

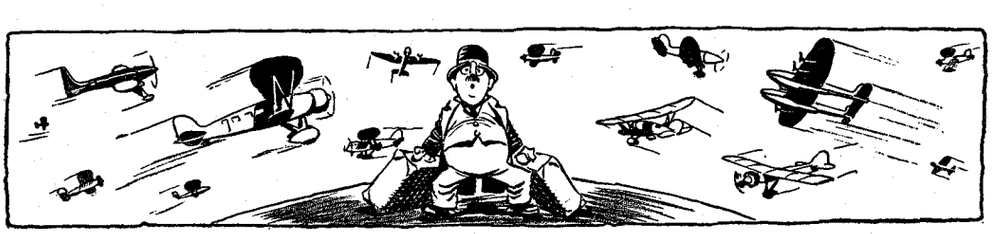
"Speed will be further increased. The transcontinental trip that now requires 27 to 30 hours will be reduced to 25, 20 and less. The continent has been crossed in ten hours and means can be found to adapt such speed to a regular service. Weather, the worst enemy of air transportation, will be pushed back on many fronts and, perhaps, conquered altogether. Already flying instruments and radio equipment permit navigation through clouds and heavy fog. Means are at hand to eliminate the once dreaded 'ice hazard,' by breaking up and shaking off this menace as it forms, through animated wing 'overshoes' and heating devices. So-called 'blind' landing entirely by radio and instrument control now is possible experimentally, and laboratory work on this problem is being pushed to completion by the Aeronautics Branch.

"Noise will be eliminated from aircraft cabins. Methods of insulating cabin walls, of reducing propeller noise by use of gears and of muffling engine exhausts already are known to engineers and are being perfected. Passenger comfort will receive further consideration and some craft will have suitable sleeping accommodations for night journeys.

"Airplanes capable of ascending and descending vertically, or nearly so, will be in use for certain kinds of transportation.

"Aircraft so simple to fly that one may learn to pilot them as quickly and safely as the operation of an automobile is now mastered will be available. The initial cost and the cost of operating them will be low and flying instruction probably will be included in the purchase price. Private planes and commuters' air lines will induce many persons to live substantial distances from their places of business.

"However, the average busy man or woman is concerned with the future of aviation only as something interesting to read about or discuss. For a practical application to his own affairs, he looks to the present and finds that he can save time by flying, get letters and packages to their destination more quickly by air mail and express or speed the course of business transactions by purchasing an airplane for his firm. As an individual he can enjoy the thrill and pleasure of flying by owning an airplane of his own. The man who wants to keep one foot on the ground becomes harder to find every day. He is realizing that he is going to be lonesome if he neglects the air."



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Outlook Book Choice of the Month

Reviewed by Robert Cantwell

ANN VICKERS. By Sinclair Lewis. $2.50. 562 pp. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran and Company

SINCLAIR LEWIS has written about a dozen novels, and several of them have been among the most influential works of fiction of our time. That is, they have reached very wide audiences, they have been widely criticized and discussed, they have become points of reference in contemporary American culture. In "Main Street" he gave an expression to an attitude toward one aspect of American life, an attitude that was generally shared but which had not been clearly or forcefully stated before. In "Babbitt" he presented a portrait of that ambiguous figure, the American business man, in such a way that the portrait has come to be accepted as representative, both in this country and abroad. More than half a million copies of "Main Street" have been sold in this country, which means, I should judge, that the book has had more than two million American readers—that at least that many individuals have been greatly or slightly influenced by it. According to Lewis's bibliographer, Harvey Taylor, almost two million copies of Lewis's novels have been sold in their American editions.

The publication of "Ann Vickers" is, as the publishers say, an event of importance. The book will appear simultaneously in the United States, England, France, Germany and Holland, not to mention Canada, Australia, the Scandinavian countries, Poland, Italy, and Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia. Two obvious questions are suggested by this wide circulation. What are the qualities in Sinclair Lewis's writing which give it its general appeal? And what sort of picture of American life is exported, in this way, for foreign consumption?

"Ann Vickers" is a readable novel. Like all of Lewis's work, it moves along rapidly in spite of its length, and in spite of its careful documentation. There are few important pauses in the reader's attention, few places where the interest in Ann's doings isn't strong enough to carry one over the dead spots in the narrative. Ann herself, except for her lamentable end, emerges as an understandable individual, her motives fairly coherent, the influences that have formed her character pretty fully suggested. Moreover, Lewis is a good craftsman. The fact that "Ann Vickers" holds up in interest in spite of its outworn theme—it is "about" feminism and prison reform—is an indication of how cleverly Lewis has manipulated his characters and arranged the sequence of events. Ann goes to college, becomes a social welfare worker and an authority on prisons, marries and takes a lover, but before one complication in her life has been settled or evaded another is introduced, so that even her relatively commonplace experiences are given a continuity of interest.

There is also, as another explanation of the wide appeal of Lewis's work, the peculiar nature of his realism. There is always a lot of specific information in his novels—full description of the life of Gopher Prairie, in "Main Street," of scientific experimentation and research in "Arrowsmith," of prison management and welfare work in "Ann Vickers." The physical characteristics of the scene are always fully communicated. Carl Van Doren, in his recent book on Lewis, says that "Babbitt" is "the focus of the biographies of several characters besides George Babbitt, all of which had to be drawn up in detail. Zenith was built upon a map, and plans even of houses and offices had been worked out and set down." Other critics have said that the plan of the city was worked out in such detail that Lewis was familiar with the names of imaginary streets, even those which did not appear in the story.

"Ann Vickers" supports these statements; one can readily imagine that Lewis had a complete map of the prison at Copperhead Gap, where Ann tried to relieve the plight of the prisoners, and of the Fanning Mansion, suffragette headquarters, where she addressed evelopes and made speeches for the cause; that he knew these imaginary places, before he began to write, even to the minute details of the number of steps to Ann's room, or the appearance of the cracked plaster on the ceiling. In the minor characters the same familiarity is evident, and in a figure like Russell Spaulding, Ann's husband, the author's touch is so sure the whole background of Russell's life is suggested, although it never appears in the text.

In the pictures of the locale and in the simple characterizations, no reasonable complaint need be aroused by "Ann Vickers." The changing character of Lewis's writing, his development as a novelist, is a more important matter. He has always been a satirist; the drive behind his writing has always been indignation. In "Main Street" the object of his attack was a particularly unlovely small town, typical of thousands like it throughout the country, a community in which the accepted standards of taste and morality outraged the author's intelligence as the hideousness of the scene outraged his sensibilities. In "Babbitt" the object of his ridicule was the American business man, and while it may be that Lewis attacked Babbitt and the Rotary Club environment he represented for the wrong reasons, there was still bitterness in his prose, and the portrait was convincing. But since these two early works, Lewis has chosen progressively less formidable opponents. As his prestige and influence have grown, as his technical skill has increased, he has devoted himself to satirizing less important and less firmly established social institutions;

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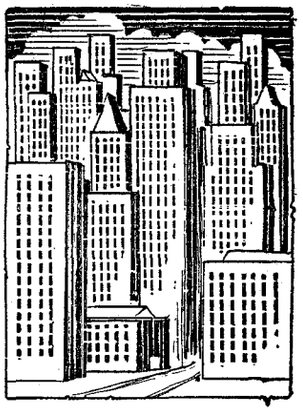

Talk of the Nation

Technocracy

THE ADDITION of one more word to the national discussion now under way upon the subject of technocracy is a responsibility not lightly to be entered upon.

The editorial purpose of NEW OUTLOOK in being the first to present a definite statement of the findings and claims of the group of investigators headed by Howard Scott was stated by the Editor in the January issue of NEW OUTLOOK. Even the severest critics of the technocratic proposals (those who could be severe and yet not succumb instantly to myopia) have conceded that the publication of the theories and beliefs of the technocrats has been more than worth while if it has made the average American talk and think a little about national economics and the purpose and meaning of the machine. It certainly has done that.

An English weekly review has made the comment that a technology directed revolution is the only kind of revolution which could appeal to the American people. That may, or may not be true. Our English cousins rush us a little. But theories concerning the control of a highly mechanized civilization, in many respects similar to those brought forth by Scott, have had wide currency in England for several years, yet there has been none of the excitement and furore there which has developed in the United States in the few months since the publication of the first story on the work of the group of investigators which have laboratory headquarters at Columbia University.

The American people are not the English people. We are quite aware of that. Here, even with a thing so esoteric as a new theory of economics, we must make of it the lion of the hour, one day presenting it with the keys to our hearts, the next rending it limb from limb. We have done just this with technocracy. In four months the subject has run the gamut from that of the Seventh Wonder to the latest national joke. If there is not now in rehearsal somewhere a new vaudeville team called the Technocracy Sisters, it is only an exception which must prove the rule. Not to the historian of Technocracy, but to the biographer of American hysteria we present this gem of research: Technocracy got onto the floor of Congress just twenty-eight and a half hours before it was used as the basis of a radio skit by Eddie Cantor to advertise a brand of coffee which apparently dates rapidly. Thusly, do we as a people treat what Stuart Chase says, in his brilliant pamphlet, Technocracy: An Interpretation, is "perhaps the most arresting challenge which the American industrial system has ever faced."

The NEW OUTLOOK editors regret that Mr. Scott and his associates, in their zeal to stir popular interest, saw fit to use optimum figures, to say the least, in discussing the output of bricks and flour. Properly qualified, there could have been no complaint in using as a basis of proof in argument the possible machine of tomorrow, not the inefficient machine of the depression. The taking of that liberty should have been stated. This zeal NEW OUTLOOK regrets, but no more than it regrets the conduct and the methods of the critics of Technocracy. The charge against most of the criticisms which we have seen (and we have seen many) of overzealousness, which not only ignored facts and figures but reason as well, would be difficult to deny.

At the drop of the first erg individuals, having only a fear-inspired loyalty for things as they are, and with little understanding of what the technocrats were trying to get at, dared to rush into non-technical print where the technocrats had the decency not to tread, at least until after several years of study.

NEW OUTLOOK has no quarrel with its contemporaries for presuming to present criticisms of Technocracy. At least the first benefit to be achieved is thought and discussion. But there has been an almost universal tendency to permit one unqualified, and usually biased, individual to attack and challenge the long-term work of the group. This procedure would, perhaps, have been justified if the findings of another group, also engaged upon a study of the effect of automatic machinery upon our social mechanism had not been at hand, but such a group and such material were available.

Just across the street, as it were, from the Columbia University laboratory occupied by Scott and his associates there was another group, at Teachers College, also studying the economics of automatic machinery, under the leadership of Professor Harold F. Clark.

Professor Clark has been reluctant to bring forth his findings into the heat of the ill-mannered and undignified argument now centering about Technocracy. His writings on the subject of the automatic machine are in no sense presented by NEW OUTLOOK as being in rebuttal. His initial argument is given in the form of a series of MYTHS OF THE MACHINE, first, in recognition of the necessity for a return to sane and sober consideration of this important subject, and second, in recognition of the need for the layman to realize that much inexact thinking and talk has created a body of mythology about mechanical production which must be dismissed before we proceed to consider plans for the control of the Machine.

●

Prosperity in Lockport

Lockport is in western New York. It has slept more or less peacefully through more than one whoop-la period of prosperity. It learned to

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sleep without disturbing dreams when the great dream of never-ending prosperity which must come to a town so fortunate as to be upon a canal faded out forever into the hard reality of steam and steel.

Not that Lockport hasn't *tried* since the bubble of canal prosperity burst. It went INDUSTRY in a mighty and determined way, but success was small when compared by this standard with its great industrial neighbor, Rochester.

But David has done it again, cracked Old Man Depression right square between the eyes. In Lockport, we are informed, there is located one of America's most successful factories, successful at least in the matter of employment and activity. This *rara avis* is a fibre board plant in which the machinery never stops turning, and to which the five o'clock whistle only means a change in shifts. The plant is giving full time employment to sixty men and women, and there is one index not to be sneezed at in these times, and in a community the size of Lockport. The product of this model little beehive is also an index of something or other. The plant has found prosperity in the production of cut-out puzzles for a puzzled people.

The Lockport plant is turning out 15,000 puzzles a day. The great work was begun as a "Christmas sideline," and at this date there is no indication that over-production is just around the corner, which is in itself something of a puzzle when we consider the fact that it has adopted that highly efficient practice so tirelessly employed in the past by a great many plants which are now dark. The Lockport puzzle factory is working twenty-four hours a day.

●

Sergeant-at-Arms

David S. Barry, who contributes "Over the Hill to Demagoguery" to this issue of NEW OUTLOOK, is Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate. This is an office filled by Senatorial election, and which Barry has occupied since 1919. The position is one of which the general public, even that portion of it which "does" the capitol thoroughly on the required excursions to Washington, has little knowledge. It is the post which controls the functional and formal operations of the legislative branch of the government; and a nice lot of outworn formalities many of them are, too, as Mr. Barry, who was a newspaper man from 1879 until he went to the Senate, is quick to admit. One of these functions, Mr. Barry explains, is escorting the joint Congressional Committee, which walks from the Hill to the White House to inform the President that a new Congress is in session. In Mr. Barry's memory no President has ever seemed to be particularly surprised upon receipt of this news from the joint committee.

The office of the Sergeant-at-Arms is located just off the floor of the Senate. It is more convenient than any of the other Senatorial offices for many of those hasty Senatorial conferences, which, as a rule, achieve more action than most of the speeches on the floor. It is a sort of combination sanctuary and bill hatchery. There is no more valuable vantage point from which to watch the official version of "Of Thee I Sing," with the most original cast, than Mr. Barry's office.

●

Calvin Coolidge

In his official capacity, Mr. Barry met the late Calvin Coolidge upon many occasions and he contributes several hitherto unpublished stories which throw new light upon the character of the thirtieth President. Mr. Barry writes:

When he was Vice President of the United States, and therefore President of the Senate, Mr. Coolidge was in the habit of sitting each day on a sofa in the Senate Lobby after eating his luncheon, which a facetious newspaper man said always consisted of a dish of bran and a glass of ice water, smoking a cigar. He would call the Sergeant-at-Arms over, and ask him (there being few current Senators about) concerning former days, when Senators are generally supposed to have been of a different caliber. He would ask about the Senators of the old guard, and of the young guard, and all sorts of Senators in between who had become more or less prominent in the intervening years.

He talked little himself, but was strong on questions, and anything that was told to him he remembered. He never forgot a name or a place, or the politics or age of a Senator. When his cigar was finished he would get up and walk away.

His humor was of the dry and quiet kind.

One late afternoon after the Senate had adjourned and nearly everyone had left the Senate wing, my telephone rang and the Vice President calling said that he had just been notified that General Foch, accompanied by his staff, was coming to the Capitol to make a visit of ceremony. The Vice President said his own staff had left for the afternoon and so he asked me if I would assist him. I called the Captain of the Capitol Police and arranged for a police escort to meet General Foch's party at the outer door, and escort them to the Vice President's Room, where, inside of a few minutes after the Vice President called me, I was introducing him to General Foch and the then Ambassador of France, Jules Jusserand.

Mr. Coolidge stood at his desk, his face calm, motionless, and placid, and with no sign upon it that he was taking in the importance of the occasion. After the introduction General Foch stepped up, clicked his heels, and making a military salute delivered a short but fervent address of thanks to this country for what America had done in the war. At the close of his speech he stepped back and Ambassador Jusserand addressed the Vice President, repeating the speech, also in French. This caused a flurry of whispering among the party, but Mr. Coolidge stood with the same sphinx-like expression. When Ambassador Jusserand had finished speaking he stepped back and the Vice President said to him without a smile, "Mr. Ambassador, of course I can not understand your French any better than that of General Foch."

The Ambassador looked a trifle flustered, good-byes were said, there was hand shaking all around, and after the last of the distinguished callers filed out, the Sergeant-at-Arms looked back and there was the Vice President still standing with the faintest semblance of a smile on his face.

●

When Vice President Coolidge became President, taking the oath of office in the little house at Plymouth with the assistance of his father and the famous oil lamp, he hurried to

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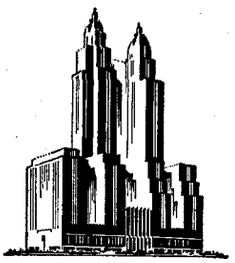

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Washington in the heat of an August day and took rooms at a hotel. Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, then the Republican leader of the Senate, telegraphed me that day, asking me if I could meet him on the arrival of the Colonial Express from Boston.

When the train arrived the Senator stepped off, looking as cool as an icicle, and as fresh as an uncut flower. He asked me to go with him to the President's hotel, which I did, and there at the end of a long corridor, the President had taken a few rooms, outside of which was a small army of newspaper men and photographers. His friend Mr. Stearns had one of the rooms.

The Senator's name was taken into the President and he was shown into one of these rooms which happened to be that of Mr. Stearns, which was in a state of disorder, and from there he was summoned into that of President Coolidge. I went along, but after greetings were exchanged, excused myself, as the two Massachusetts statesmen sat down for a chat. I felt naturally that I was very much in the way. I have always thought that the Senator had the same idea. However, Mr. Coolidge said, "No don't go. Sit down. Sit down." As there was no chair to sit on I went back into the room of Mr. Stearns determined to get out the way, but in the course of the conversation the President called me back, and not noticing the absence of a chair said again, "Sit down." So I walked to a window and looked out, trying to fix my mind on things outside instead of hearing too much of what went on inside.

At length the conversation ended and the Senator and I started to go out. The Senator naturally went first and then the President stepped up to me and, placing his hand on my shoulder, said, "God bless you; you have been very friendly."

•

One of the duties of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate is to escort to the White House on the opening session of each Congress a committee duly appointed to notify the President of the United States that the two Houses are in session and ready to receive any communication that he may wish to make. It is a foolish custom, originating in the day when there was more formality than now,

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and less activity and confusion in the halls of Congress, and one that, in the opinion of many leaders, will soon be abolished, like the lame duck Congress.

I had called on President Coolidge one day when engaged in a canvass for my re-election as Sergeant-at-Arms and had asked him to speak to one or two Senators in my behalf. He had this in mind, I presume, for the next time the Congressional committee called, as we were leaving, he asked me to remain for a moment. I explained that it was my duty to take the committee back to the Capitol. But the President told me to excuse myself, saying that he had no doubt that the committee could find its own way back.

One evening while walking home along Connecticut Avenue, I stopped to look in a shop window. As I turned away I saw coming down the avenue a gentleman walking alone, but just behind him were four or five others, making a considerable parade. I looked up to see who they were and recognized the President. Touching my hat I said, "Good evening Mr. President." And he, apparently without looking to the right or the left, made a queer little half salute with his right arm and merely said, "David."

•

Outlook Book Choice

(*Continued from page* 55)

he is becoming a satirist who specializes in dead issues.

So, in "Elmer Gantry," he picked on an obviously unsympathetic type, already sufficiently discredited, as the butt of his ridicule—as safe a choice, in these controversial times, as a novelist could find. And in "Ann Vickers" he has removed himself a step further from the contemporary battleground, appearing in the grotesque role of champion of an accepted cause, in the way that a man might take a definite stand on the question of whether or not the world is round.

How does this development affect his writing? All through "Ann Vickers" there are asides that suggest Lewis, the satirist, along with rather weary jibes at such timely and oppressive evils as fundamentalism, psycho-analysis, free love, liberalism, intellectual snobbery. Lewis is still a satirist, but he has become a satirist of the unimportant. And when this novel collapses to its sentimental con-

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SEE PAGE 68

clusion, Ann Vickers loses the dignity the author has claimed for her; she falls into a neatly happy ending which means that Sinclair Lewis has made the jump from Gopher Prairie to Hollywood.

American satirists have brief careers. Both Lewis and Mencken began by ridiculing the prosperous and the well-entrenched, and both are now bravely flaying the eccentric, the weak and the grotesque. Considered as an independent work, "Ann Vickers" is a competent popular novel. Considered in view of Sinclair Lewis's career, it reveals him, one of the keenest and most gifted of American writers, in the full stride of his retreat.

•

Other Books of the Month

FICTION

COTTON CAVALIER. By John Thomas Goodrich. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.00. A first novel by a young writer of great promise, about the unsheltered life in a religious college in the South.

ONE MORE SPRING. By Robert Nathan. Knopf. $2.50. An almost too gentle satire on the collapse, about a fellow who lost everything but his bed.

MIRROR OF FOOLS. By Alfred Neumann. Knopf. $2.50. Duke Heinrich clowns his well-fed way across Germany, dazzling the burghers, his retainers, and himself.

THE PROVINCIAL LADY IN LONDON. By E. M. Delafield. Harpers. $2.50. The same Provincial Lady who a few years ago gave out her witty Diary, this time commenting on new fields.

MOTHER AND FOUR. By Isabel Wilder. Coward McCann. $2.00. Sometimes suggesting The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew, Thornton Wilder's sister presents a frankly sentimental story.

A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE. By Anne Green. Dutton. $2.50. Julian Green's sister seems resolutely determined to be witty and charming, in the same way that her brother is always a little self-consciously morbid in his novels.

PAGEANT. By G. B. Lancaster. Century. $2.50. A fat, old fashioned chronicle of family life in Tasmania, in a locale and period heretofore untapped as material for fiction.

GABRIEL OVER THE WHITEHOUSE. Anonymous. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50. A novel of the Presidency. A brilliant satire showing what happens if a President is hit over the head hard enough.

WHEAT WOMEN. By Nard Jones. Duffield and Green. $2.50. The pioneer life in Eastern Washington, laid in the wheat lands around Walla Walla, an uneven story, but a grand setting and a wonderful theme.

THE LOVELY LADY. By D. H. Lawrence. Viking. $2.00. The last fiction that Lawrence wrote, providing fresh ammunition for the Lawrence cult that is growing so rapidly.

ERIE WATER. By Walter D. Edmonds. Little Brown. $2.50. A second solid novel, by a writer whose "Rome Haul" recaptured the great days of the canal boats.

GENERAL

100,000,000 GUINEA PIGS. By Arthur Kallet and F. J. Schlink. Vanguard. $2.00. A grim account of what you eat, brush your teeth with, and use for antiseptics, with the chemical analysis compared with the advertiser's claims—suggesting that the era of commercial muckraking may have started.

INEVITABLE WAR. By Lt. Col. Richard Stockton. The Perth Company. $7.50. A weighty, yet lively and interesting work which provides the patriotic American with ammunition in the fight for military preparedness.

TEXTS AND PRETEXTS. By Aldous Huxley. Harpers. $3.00. An anthology of poetry, with Huxley's interpretation and defense of the poems he has chosen. His taste is excellent, but the comments read like quotations from his novels.

THE YEARS OF THE LOCUST. By Gilbelt Seldes. Little Brown. $3.00. The years being those from 1929 to 1932.

THE MODERN THEME. By Jose Ortega y Gasset. Norton. $2.00. The modern theme turns out to be the dilemma of modern thought, which in turn boils down to the conflict of life versus culture, spontaneity versus tradition, and Senor Ortega y Gasset versus the masses.

TATTERED BANNERS By Talcott Powell. Harcourt Brace. $2.50. The cost of war estimated by veterans' compensation, going all the way back to the Revolution, and making the banners seem very tattered indeed.

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Traveling With the News

We Americans—with special reference to tourists and travelers—are a mercurial people. Frequently we go about the world lugging prejudices under our hair shirt that gnaw at our vitals and prey upon our sweetest hidden desires.

La France!

As we read Mrs. Bromley's article in this issue of NEW OUTLOOK it gives us pause to inquire what does France connote on this reading, at this moment. Are there two Frances; one of yesterday and another of to-day? Is there one France of the French and another of the Americans? Are the glories of France—her treasures of antiquity, of art, of gaiety—but a scrap of greenback paper to be torn up and consumed in a flame of overnight resentment? Is that all the interest there exists between us—franc notes and dollar signs. But a few years ago, the most mellow phrase in the English language was, "Somewhere in France!" Just as for a century or more past, the word filled with the greatest touristic thrill and promise in all the world was—*Paris!*

France hasn't changed; neither has Paris—it's only ourselves, on the "morning after" our glamorous spending and lending party, during which we ate and drank too much, produced and promised too much, and now find ourselves bilious and penniless. But the world hasn't really changed—that world we used to dash across the ocean in droves of hundreds of thousands to see.

The flying buttresses of Notre Dame still thunder above the Seine at nightfall and the thousand-foot skeleton neck of the Tour Eiffel still giraffes its way into the sky illuminated by Citroen electrics with the Trocadero silhouetted between its straddling legs; Cafe de la Paix is still the cross-roads of the world catering to its quota of soldiers, priests, dilettantes, boulevardiers, courtesans and Americans, sipping their cafe blanc and nibbling their *baba au rhum;* Sainte Chapelle still blinks the loveliest-eye stained glass windows down upon the pathway over which the endless procession of tumbrils once rumbled bearing the "flower" of French nobility on its way from the Palais de Justice to the guillotine; the Tomb of Napoleon, the Great, still sheds an unearthly yellow-green glare from the East window of the chapel of Hotel des Invalides; Avenue de l'Opera is the hippodrome for the wildest taxi drivers in the world; the Left Bank is the haunt of the bereted artist, the besotted student and the benighted American — picturesquely draping themselves about the corners and cornices of the Sorbonne, the Boule Miche, Bal Bullier, Cafe du Dom, winding up in the gray A. M. on Place Pigalle with the cocher demanding 100 francs to go anywhere, and finally eating breakfast at daylight in the Market Halls! The Madeleine is still one of the loveliest of visions seen through the frosty morning mists, when the Grand Boulevards belong to *la commerce.*

No foreign-bred nostalgia is more searching than memories of strolls along the Seine, toying with the books and curios in the stalls on the wall, occasionally pocketing a gem with the poignant ecstasy of the collector making a discovery, with Paris rumbling afar-off at the mercy of our whimsy; Paris of the Boulevards, of Balzac, of Hugo, of Villon, of the Reign of Terror.

VERSAILLES

If I were asked to name the most significant locale in the civilized world's history of to-day—and yesterday— I should say unhesitatingly, Versailles!

Every one of us, both here and abroad, are either flourishing the benefactions, wearing the stamp or bearing the tax—of Versailles. Versailles has always been a vivid, dramatic paradox. But yesterday the visible example of untold riches and diverting luxury, at the same time the symbol of draining poverty and dire misery. And now in our day, become the scene of the harvest of the luscious fruit of victory and peace that contains the acrid seeds of bitterness and war. Ask Germany, ask Poland; ask Austria or Hungary; ask Jugoslavia or Czecho-Slovakia about the Versailles and the Trianon Treaties. One will tell you that Versailles is like the brightest sun in God's heavens; the other, that it is

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the darkest cloud that ever bedeviled this earth. Elsewhere in this issue Mrs. Bromley gives us the present French and German version of Versailles and its fruits.

Versailles has always been a pattern to the rest of the world that has left an indelible impress upon the behavior of nations. But for the brilliant and bloody audacity of the French in their Revolution, the seeds of which were playfully sown in the gardens of the Trianons, it is doubtful if the Russian Revolutionists would have dared go so far.

From the aesthetic viewpoint, Versailles with its allees of clipped trees, its fountains and "fountain days," its costly "playhouses," its temples, its orangeries, its lagoons and basins were copied all over the dilettante world, bankrupting more principalities and World's Fairs than any other of their many extravagances. Any well-seasoned traveler may verify this by recalling Schönbrunn, Potsdam, Hampton Court, Aranjuez and La Granja, and not less than a thousand other princely parks a la Versailles.

In no other place in the world perhaps will the inquiring visitor be able to tread and touch and recognize the architects' and landscapists' designs and pattern for future history. To level the grounds and to aqueduct the waters for the fountains from the distant Eure, alone occupied 36,000 men and 6,000 horses, years and years, costing 500,000,000 francs. Which, by the way, is an infinitesimal fraction of the expense in men and money of the French Republic a couple of centuries later as her contribution to the Great War with nothing to show for it except gardens of wooden crosses, charred ruins and debts too great to pay.

Versailles, however, has prettier things and sights than all that. It has certain idealties that one may appropriate all for his own quite apart from all the heavier significances of every tangible line and object. It is only eleven miles outside Paris, so that within a half hour or so you may be at the grilled gates through which the hungry mobs looked and when Louis XVI explained to his puzzled wife that they had no bread, she is said to have replied, "Well, let them eat cake then!"

Nothing can quite spoil Versailles; not even trying to "do" it on a Fountain Sunday when you will be jostled awry by all the rudest tourists in the world and you will have to stand fourteen-deep around the Guide who explains that this is 'the famous Galerie des Glaces where President Wills-own des Etats Unis"—and so on.

But far afield from the resplendent Chateau with its dazzling galleries of mirrors and paintings, from the apartments of Kings and the bedroom of Louis XIV, the ornate suites of Queens, of the Dauphin and of Mme. de Maintenon, from the endless gardens of formal *allées* that melt into dim perspectives, from massive spouting groups of statuary set in artificial lakes—far from all these, one is glad to find a little door on the right of the court of the Petit Trianon. It is the garden—the original garden adjoining the chalet built by Louis XV for his favorite, Mme. du Barry. It was the favorite retreat of Marie Antoinette.

Here within is to be found the "hamlet," a picturesque group of thatched cottages, a simple farmhouse and an idyllic lake. Here, like yourself, the sated potentates and their courtiers used to come in an almost pathetic seeking—after of the submerged simplicity of living and the forgotten meanings of life. Here you may find yoruself alone, save for the prowling concierge. It will take a little while for your senses to sober up from their drunken riot and slowly the unbelieveable and extravagant splendor of Versailles will take possession of you—as it never can in its midst—and out of it all will evolve the procession of events that led up to the Versailles of our day—and possibly of tomorrow!

For all these reasons, no one can afford to miss Versailles—the will o' the wisp of kings and courtesans, of conquerors and dreamers.

JAPAN

Regard it as we will, Martin Sommers' article, "What Jehol Means to Main Street," sooner or later suggests—Japan! "These fierce smallish belligerents, the Japanese," many persons keep asking, "what sort of a land do they come from?"

And as strange and paradoxical as it may seem, I find myself responding, "They come from a land of poetry, of pictures and of peace." For Japan is truly a strange land, a country of perpetual paradox. Here

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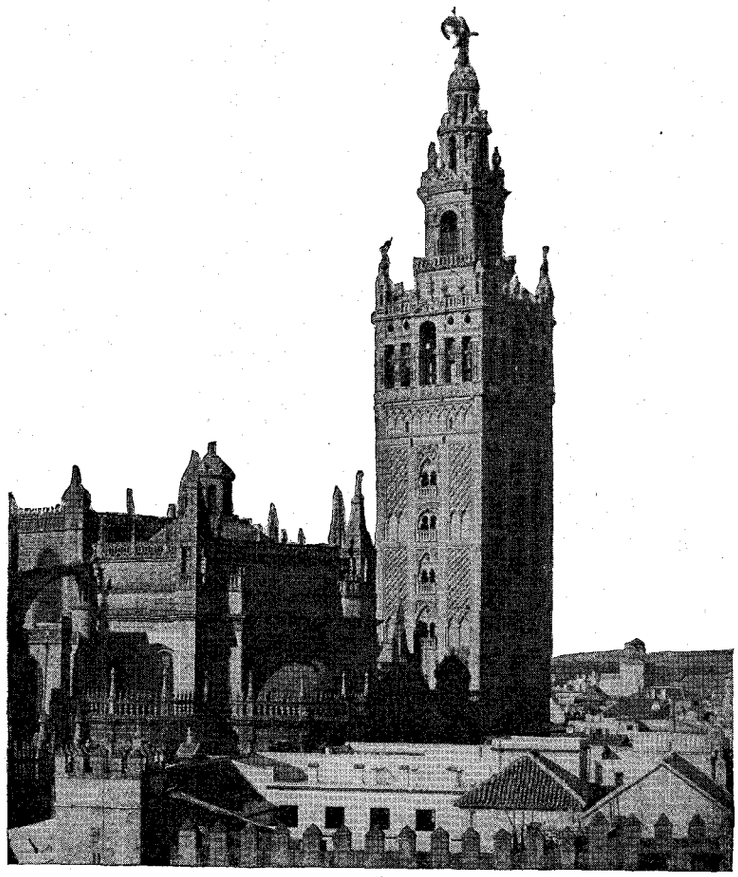
on the left are acres of factories equipped with the most modern machinery; on the right, is a dirt road which in a two mile walk will take you back 2,000 years where oxen are drawing curved sticks turning up the mud of rice paddys. While rising above it all out of the center of the picture is the most beautiful mountain in all creation, Mt. Fuji, up and down the sides of which 100,000 pilgrims a year climb with the ecstasy of Jacob climbing the ladder to Heaven and with all the certainty of having met their God on the way. . . .

The only modernistic prison I ever saw or visited, was just outside of Tokio. It is the last word in modernistic architecture; the reception room is a mass of geometrical lines and symbols; its cell blocks are constructed in a manner so that a single guard can watch four wings of the prison from a single point, and yet the warden told me that during his many years' tenure of the old insecure jail no one had attempted to escape. The same evening, I attended a performance of No-plays, given in a curious theatre with an open court adhering to the rigid etiquette of Samurai days, yielding not a jot or tittle to modernity for 400 years. . . .

I remember shoving off one evening into the River Kiso on a sampan lighted with colored paper lanterns with Geisha playing their samisens and quaintly singing in the bow of the boat. High above on a pinnacle of rock was poised the Castle of Inuyama like a snow-white cloud of lyrical poetry. A long black barge suddenly swung round a bend in the river, an outrigging in the bow supporting an iron brazier that was filled with blazing pine knots that threw an unearthy glare and revealed two rows of hungry, chattering cormorants perched on the gunwales. A signal was given and the birds plunged into the river, guided and kept under control by the skipper who held in his hand a line attached to a ring round each cormorant's throat so that when he came up with his mouth filled with river trout that he could not swallow, it was an easy matter to empty them onto the floor of the boat. . . .

But that is but a tid-bit of what you will see and experience in Japan. Miracles happen, especially should you find time to visit Kokichi Mikimoto, the Pearl King. Mikimoto is the wizard who discovered Nature's secret process of making oysters shed precious pearls at will. When I visited his pearl farm he made me a present of ten oysters which when opened yielded several perfect oriental pearls. . . .

Of course, you will want to make



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I want to warn you, in case you should take the most fairylike trip in the world down through the Inland Sea as far as the Island of Kyushu and visit the port of Beppu. You will be invited to take a bath in the burning volcanic sands. The custom is a strange one and depends upon your ability to stand up in a state of communal nakedness when you are requested to divest yourself of your clothes in the pavilion where several hundred other persons are gathered, previous to being handed a kimono and sent out to be buried alive. . . .

Some day you will visit the sacred isle of Miyajima— where none is allowed to be born and none to die, where for centuries the sacred deer have been allowed to wander at will and where the red lacquered torii rises out of the sea as a fitting approach to the "floating" shrine. I remember one evening making a lonely pilgrimage, passing the inlet where a single sampan lay high and dry in the ebb-tide with a tea house nearby, the light softly glowing through the paper shoji windows, the tinkling of a samisen floating out into the night. On, beneath the huge granite torii in the dark shadow of the bulk of the Temple of a Thousand Mats high above, at the very moment that the Great Bell of the Floating Shrine begins to boom. . . .

Japan adds something that Europe began to lose at the close of the Dark Ages; a contact and a participation in the ways, manners and life of an antique civilization and culture that is quite beyond imagining, to us dwelling in the midst of America's mechanized civilization. There is something tremendously interesting and significant behind the impulse of these Nipponese that merits our study, which can only be made after a visit to Japan.—*Henry Albert Phillips.*

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SOUTH AMERICA

Tourists are much the same as other human beings—and sheep; they follow popular trends in flocks. This is a pity sometimes, because the leader, or bellwether, is given to the beaten path and the broad cement roads that get you there luxuriously and in a hurry. That is the *bète noir* of the American tourist—he wants to get there and back in a hurry. There is much to be said in behalf of this speed mania. For only a small quota of those Americans who now travel would be able to travel at all, if they could not do so speedily. Many of us have only two weeks at our disposal; possibly a month or two months. One can't go round the world in such periods—unless one wants to fly!

Now, within a comparatively short time, the speed-luxury bugbear is is swept away—into the air. Days of travel are practically cut to hours. What used to take weeks of time, now takes days. An airways service equipped with a score or more of swift 20-passenger planes, with accommodations as luxurious and as roomy as those of a Pullman, enable us to "cruise" 20,000 miles in as many days, visiting every country in South America.

But one does not have to go via air. There are luxurious liners plying between America and every principal port in South America—American-owned and American-manned.

CHILE

Reading the article of the former President of Chile, which appears in this issue of NEW OUTLOOK we are led to infer that the countries of South America are different from those of Europe. I once fancied that I should find New Spain or New Portugal, as the case might be. This is considerably less true in South America than to say that the people of New England are identical with those of Old England. Nevertheless, is the fact that South America is quite another land, delightfully *different.*

And so we find ourselves in the bay of Valpo (as Valparaiso is popularly called), Chile. All the surrounding hills are carpeted with green and gold—the green of poplars transplanted from a foreign soil and the gold of California poppies, the seed

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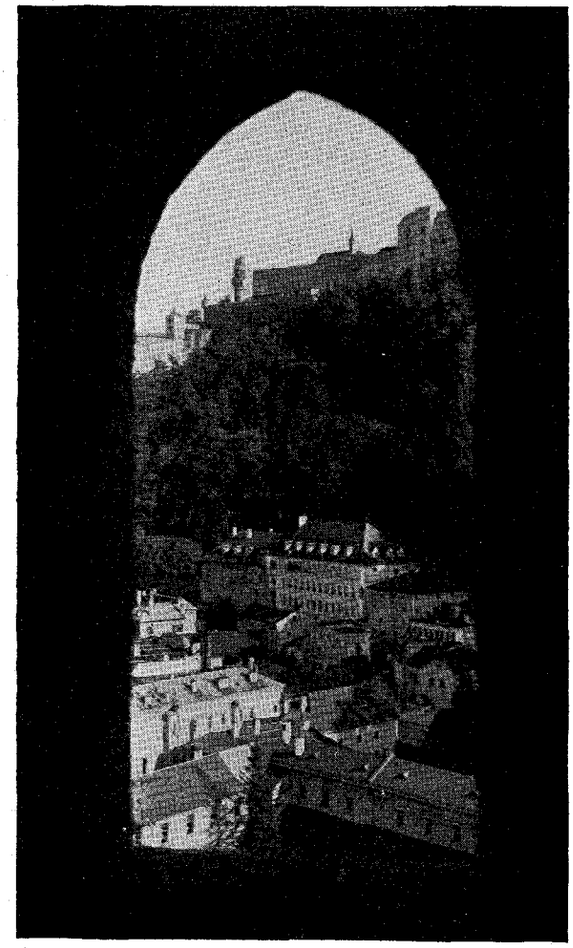

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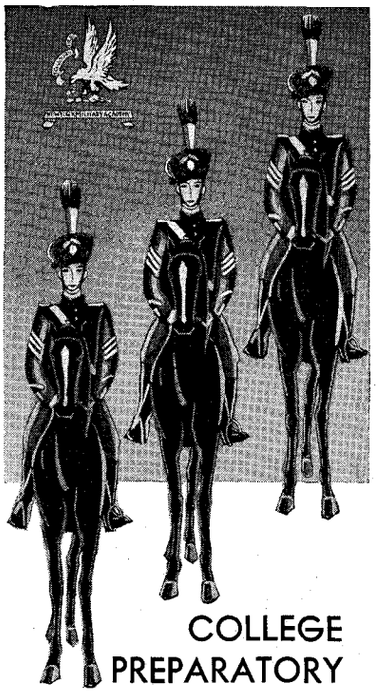

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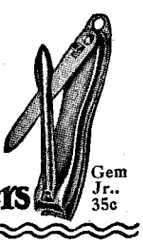

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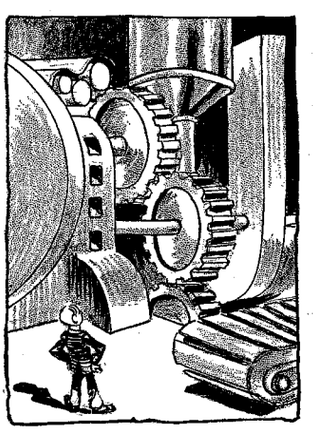

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said to have been scattered by a friendly "loyal son" all the way down the line. The city rises tier on tier, one street above the other—a city that can't be hid. *Fletoros* surround the ship and flock aboard like picturesque pirates of the Spanish Main.

Chile's coast line is more than 2,600 miles in length—or from Hudson Bay to New Orleans! A continent of vast distances and open spaces; with more unexplored lands than Africa; pampas that make our prairies seem like quarter-section farms. All this green is like a refreshing bath to our vision that has been parched and scorched by the great nitrate desert to the north, which although once submerged beneath the sea now knows no drop of moisture, no vegetation, no oasis; the deadlands—Chile's untold wealth. Then come the hills, brown and parched by the lingering breath of the nitrate fields, but now refreshing green, almost resonant with vibrant patches of gold. . .

One could wander for days among the terraced streets of Valpo and find it pleasant, for nearly every well-built house has its gardens, gardens bursting with flowers that overflow the walls—cinerarias (like the primrose), calla lilies, white and purple lilacs. There is only a hint of Spain that is deepened when the baker's boy comes along with panniers of bread hung from the horse which he strides. . . .

But the business area of Valpo is decidedly English in tone, especially the many substantially built banks. Then we come upon the German Club and thereafter seem to hear German spoken everywhere. By the end of the day we have heard French, German, Spanish, English and American spoken and conclude it is a cosmopolitan city after all. . . .

The marvelous cafes remind us more of Paris than of Madrid, but the restaurants and their variety of food remind us of neither of them.

Santiago, the Capital. The stranger needs no guide book, for the broad Alameda de las Delicias cuts through the centre of everything—it *is* the centre of everything!—300 feet wide and 3 miles long. I saw no alameda, or avenida, in the whole of Spain to equal it, not even the Prado in Madrid.

Every South American republic goes wild on its own "4th of July,"

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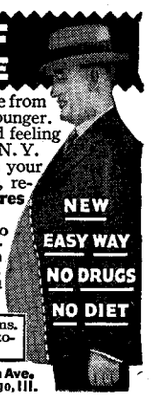

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or the day it successfully revolted against its mother country. Chile goes mad on "Dieceocho" or September 18th and for three days thereafter, when you will pay double for everything and be rewarded by seeing the President in person riding around, probably in the velvet-lined state coach with a cavalry bodyguard. You will celebrate by visiting the cathedral where mantillas will be in evidence, attend the races at one of the finest race courses in the world, perhaps eat too many *camarones* (scallops) and peeled oranges and conclude a wonderful day by going out to Santa Lucia, from the top of which you may be served tea elegantly while you watch the snow-capped Andes melt in the dusk and the city blossom at you feet in a fairy garden of lights. . .

All of which is merely a prelude to the symphony of South America, which consists of 13 exotic movements or countries, all in the same major key, but each with its own motif.—*Henry Albert Phillips.*

■

Checklist of New Ideas

ON LIGHT WINES AND BEERS

We might as well admit that we are a nation of hard liquor drinkers.

Edward P. Mulrooney,
N. Y. Police Commissioner.

ON THE CONSERVATIVE ELEMENT

The conservative element in human nature which always resists change is on the side of the continuation of the present order in Russia. — *James Maxton, M.P.*

ON A MONETARY PROBLEM

It is the State's duty to defend its money and public credit. To temporize or to shrink from our duty now would mean the loss of all the benefits of France's great patriotic effort and splendid recovery during 1927 and 1928. — *M. Germaine-Martin, French Minister of France.*

ON OUR FUTURE

One thing is certain—should it be proved that unemployment, insecurity and poverty are essential and integral parts of the present industrial system, then that system is doomed. The tion will demand its abolition or transformation.—*Labor Sunday Message of the Presbyterian Board of Missions.*

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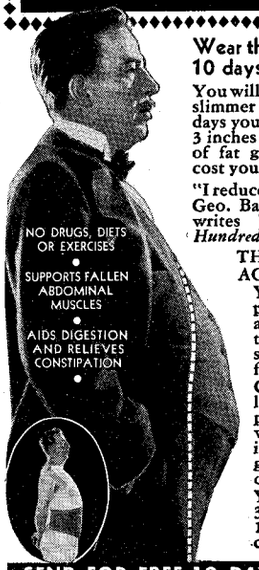

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STAMP NEWS

A remarkable thing about stamp collectors is that they seldom talk about their hobby; one may be in daily contact with an enthusiastic collector yet never hear the subject mentioned. As a matter of fact there are more than a million collectors in the United States, 50,000 of whom live in Southern California. In Europe almost everyone rides the hobby. In some European countries, stamp collecting is compulsory among children of school age and packets of stamps are sold in the streets like newspapers.—The Collector's Journal.

●

FOR THE SECOND TIME in history, United States is without an Ex-President. Philatelists have already unanimously asked the Post Office Department to follow a precedent established years ago, and to issue a memorial or commemorative stamp bearing Coolidge's likeness.

This brings up again the question about the number of Presidents portraited so far on our stamps. They are: Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Taylor, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson and Harding. Six of them, Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, Lincoln, McKinley and Harding have been shown on special commemorative or memorial stamps. The others have appeared on regular postage issues.

More than thirty other persons have received the postal mark of honor to be pictured or named on our stamps.

●

Stamps fascinate politicians. The late U. S. Senator Ackerman was an ardent philatelist, and in a campaign showed envelopes completely covered with German and Russian stamps of thousand and million mark and ruble paper value to prove convincingly what deflation of currency leads to.

Former Senator Frelinghuysen broke into the headlines when he recently sold his stamp collection at auction, and $2,750 was paid for the inverted 24 cent U. S. air mail stamp.

●

As an air mail stamp this specimen does not depend on age for rarity. It was issued for use on the first Government operated air mail route in 1918. The center part shows a Curtiss JN4 biplane—of affectionate "Jenny" memory to war-time pilots as the machine on which they received their training—and then considered the last word in mail planes. One sheet sold over the counter had the picture of the plane upside down which accounts for the financial altitude record that these one hundred error stamps have soared to.

●

There is no denying that aerial exploits lend romance to many of the air mail stamps and offer one explanation for their popularity with stamp collectors. There never was a prettier stamp than the 5 cent carmine and blue issue depicting the air mail beacon on Sherman Hill, Wyoming. Unfortunately the Post Office Department had not only to increase postage rates to boost its revenue but had also to economize by replacing it with a single-color stamp.

The blue 10 cent air mail stamp depicting Colonel Lindbergh's famous ship "Spirit of St. Louis" tells forever of an epochal flight. It marks the second time in the history of the United States that a living person was honored by the issue of a stamp. Only one other great American shares this distinction. A 2 cent stamp bearing Edison's name and showing the first incandescent lamp was issued on the occasion of the golden jubilee of the electric light.

●

The Washington bicentennial year with its special series of stamps is now past history. It was probably the most effective way to pass in review before the nation twelve famous works of art portraiting the Father of this country. When the letter rate was increased, the "Atheneum" picture of Washington painted by Gilbert Stuart in 1796 at Germantown, Pa., which was used for the 2 cent stamp in the bicentennial set, was adopted again for the new 3 cent stamp. It does, however, not belong to the bicentennial set as the year indications: 1732 and 1932 are omitted.

●

United States holds a year's philatelic record that it will be hard to beat. We have a choice of six current 3 cent stamps. Besides the above-mentioned Washington (Stuart) issue there is the bicentennial stamp bearing a reproduction of Peal's portrait of Washington as a general with cocked hat, painted in 1777 at Valley Forge. The Lincoln stamp remains in use, the Olympic Games were responsible for one issue, and "commemoratives" of William Penn and Daniel Webster make up the remainder.—*Erik Hildesheim.*

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